SEP 7 1939

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XVIII. No. 444 (New Series) SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1939 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 297
RIBBENTROP IN THE KREMLIN 300
HITLER'S WORLD REVOLUTION 301
A LONDON DIARY 302
THIS ENGLAND 303
THE RAILWAYMEN'S CASE 303
I HATE. By Y. Y. 304
ARTIFICIAL COMEDY. By Desmond MacCarthy . 305
IN A MADHOUSE. By C. G. L. Du Cann . . 307
AIR LINER. By Geoffrey Parsons 308
"THE HIGHLY REPUTABLE FLEA" 308
PLAYS AND PICTURES 309
CORRESPONDENCE 309
From Prof. H. J. Laski; K. J.; Prof. L. B. Namier; J. E. de Courcy Ireland; Kerriensis; Dr. Norman Leys; James Fraser; Naomi Mitchison.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By G. W. Stonier . . Page 312
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By John Mair 313
Christian Marxism. By Tom Paine . . . 314
A Study in Promise. By Peter Quennell . . 314
More Kilvert. By Raymond Mortimer . . 316
"National" Capitalism 318
Three Queens. By Raymond Alderson . . . 320
SHORTER NOTICES 320
BOOKS TO COME. By Marie Scott-James . . 322
ABOUT MOTORING. By R. E. Davidson . . . 322
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 324
CROSSWORD 325
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives . . . 326

PEACE IN THE BALANCE

"THE armies are gathering," as King Leopold says in the appeal of the small States of Northern Europe, "for a horrible struggle which will know neither victor nor vanquished." So it seems. The conclusion of the Russian-German agreement, Hitler's brusque reply to the British Government's message through Sir Nevile Henderson, the reports that the Führer intends immediately to enforce his full demands upon the Poles and the assurance of British and French support sent to the Poles suggest that nothing but a miracle can now avert war. The latest blow is the Russian-German agreement, which is the direct result of Britain's failure to form the full Anglo-Soviet alliance when it was honestly offered to us. We search our minds through the history of diplomacy, but find no parallel to the monumental folly of the rejection of the Russian offer of a conference at Bucharest after the seizure of Prague, followed by the unconditional guarantee to Poland without a prior Russian alliance. Soviet Russia is the only Power capable of directly aiding the Poles if they are attacked. How long the Poles can resist is a matter of dispute; German propaganda says seven days; the Poles are sure that they can hold out for several months. Britain and France cannot save Poland; they can attack Germany in the West and will do so if the Poles fight, not for the sake of Poland, but because they feel that this is the last chance of resisting German domination.

There are still several possibilities. Hitler may yet decide not to begin a world war and may try to give the Poles the opportunity of a face-saving compromise which would mean their later destruction. Though there is no sign of hesitation on the Polish side, it cannot yet be excluded from the realm of possibility that Colonel Beck might be induced to accept a local *fait accompli* in the Free City. That Germany means ultimately to destroy Polish independence is crystal clear; but Col. Beck is an old friend of the Führer, and Hitler has never made Col. Beck the object of his fury as he did President Benes. Indeed, Hitler has not personally committed himself to any particular method of destroying Poland. A Polish retreat from Danzig without fighting would not be unintelligible if the Poles interpret the Russian Agreement as a final withdrawal of Russia into neutrality, or worse, as a prelude to a partition of Poland in which Russia would regain the old Tsarist territories that went to Poland after the last war. The Poles throughout refused to accept the help of the Russian army, and that no doubt is one of the reasons for the Russian *volte face;* but they have relied on war supplies and aeroplanes from Russia, and on the fact that a general European war in which

Russia was involved would present Germany with the prospect of a long struggle, and would indefinitely lock up many divisions of the German army in the East. It is the removal of that deterrent to the German General Staff that makes war so probable now.

The jubilation in Berlin over the promised German-Russian Agreement prove, if proof were necessary, how greatly war on two fronts was feared in Germany and how vital the Russian Pact was if war was to be averted. The terms of the Agreement show how deep Russian suspicions of Britain had become; Russia in effect goes into complete isolation, as we and other observers have often prophesied if Britain did not speedily clinch the alliance. Stalin was so convinced that he was being double-crossed and that there was to be another Munich in Poland that he decided himself to double-cross the Western Powers. The Soviet Union appears so far to have misunderstood British psychology as to assume that in no case would Britain fight on Poland's side unless there was an Anglo-Soviet Pact. Actually the result of the failure of the Pact has been to stiffen the attitude of Britain and to win increased sympathy for the cause of the Western Democracies in some influential quarters in the United States. The U.S.S.R. still declares that she is ready for an Anglo-Soviet Agreement; if that can indeed be reconciled with the new Soviet-German Agreement Britain must not let any feeling of pique interfere with the possibility of Russian co-operation.

What was the Pact which Herr von Ribbentrop, the founder of the anti-Comintern Pact, has made with Stalin? It is to be noticed that the agreement contains no "escape" clause which would release Russia from friendly neutrality to Germany in the case of a German-Polish war. Article 2 runs:

> If one of the contracting Powers should become the object of warlike action on the part of a third Power the other contracting Power will in no way support the third Power.

This seems to mean that if Germany by a Danzig coup provokes Poland into an attack and is supported by France and Britain, as she undoubtedly would be, Germany would then become "the object of warlike action" and Russia would not help Poland. Would the U.S.S.R. also supply Germany with the resources of war? That would indeed be a terrible counter to a British blockade. What further plans may be in Stalin's mind we cannot guess; we can only assume that he would not want a victorious Germany and believes himself to be safeguarding the peace and security of Socialist Russia with the possibility of decisive intervention at a later stage.

Even at this hour nothing is excluded. Mussolini, now desperately situated, is clearly anxious to restrain Hitler from precipitate action. The *Messagero* says that "England is not in danger, neither is France, nor even Poland"! *Pravda* says that the new Pact is "an instrument of peace":

> The friendship of the peoples of the U.S.S.R. and Germany, which has been chased into a blind alley by the enemies of Germany and the U.S.S.R., from now gains the necessary conditions for its developments and will flourish.

It is a pity if this is Stalin's mind that he did not tell us so earlier, though he certainly warned us of the possibility of Russian isolation. We are in a strange world of power politics in which ideologies count for little, and it is not inconceivable yet that Stalin, who has captured the centre of the diplomatic stage, may himself take a hand in calling a halt to the war.

Resistance in the Protectorate and Ostmark

It is now clear that, whether war comes or not, the Czechs will remain a thorn in the Nazi side. Czech workmen, of whom over one hundred thousand have been transported into the Reich, have already made contact with the underground movement and increased the anxieties of the Gestapo, while in the Protectorate itself the German population is becoming scared by the hatred aroused by its own Government. Last week, in Brün, German landlords were asking their Czech tenants to sign a document stating that "they had treated them kindly in difficult circumstances," and the party leaders were disturbed by a speech instructing them, if evacuation was necessary, to retire in good order and to leave all property intact. No explanation was given of this pronouncement. Meanwhile a few South Tyrolese families have already arrived to farm the land expropriated from Jewish owners and the Czech State. In war-time conditions it is doubtful how far the factories could be worked at all. This also applies to Austria, where Socialist activities are increasing and the use of Austrian troops in the front-line is already ruled out.

Far Eastern Reactions

The consternation caused in Western Europe by the Russo-German *rapprochement* has been shared to the full by the Government in Tokyo, where the view (held equally in Chungking) prevails that Germany, in order to neutralise the U.S.S.R. in relation to Central Europe, has temporarily abandoned the idea of recruiting Japan as a member of the anti-Comintern front. As it is, Japan will now presumably have no hope of German assistance in the event of hostilities with the U.S.S.R. in the Far East, and no assurance that Moscow will not feel free to reinforce Chiang Kai-shek more actively with money and munitions now that Russia's western frontiers are, for the time being, secure. These considerations are sufficient to give even the Japanese "activists" pause; and, unless Britain is immediately involved in war on the Continent, the Tokyo negotiations, suspended last week-end, seem likely to remain in suspense until it is seen which way the Polish cat jumps. The immediate cause of the deadlock in the Craigie-Arita talks was Britain's refusal to discuss the question of the silver deposits in Tientsin or the status of the Chungking dollar except in conjunction with the other Signatories to the Nine-Power Treaty. This did not suit Japan's book, and the talks were broken off amid hints that the blockade of Tientsin might have to be extended to Hong Kong. Meanwhile, the dismissal in London of the fresh application for a *habeas corpus* writ makes the position of the four accused Chinese in the Tientsin Concession extremely insecure; but the Shanghai courts have still to hear the appeal from the decision of the local judge at Tientsin.

Panslavism in Bulgaria and Yugoslavia

Until the startling events of this week, one of the most remarkable developments in the Balkans was the growth of Pan-Slav solidarity and friendliness to Russia. In Bulgaria, although nearly all trade is controlled by Germany, Vice-Commissar Potemkin's visit was followed

by an enormously successful exhibition of Russian books and the opening of a new Soviet bookshop opposite the gates of the Palace. Only a week or two ago, the fifth anniversary of the re-establishment of diplomatic relations between Moscow and Sofia was celebrated by a reception at the Soviet Legation attended by the Chief of the General Staff, the Minister for War and General Daskalov. Finally, twenty-two Bulgarian deputies have just left for Moscow, ostensibly to visit the Agricultural Exhibition, but also to explore ways and means of political and economic relations. Panslavism has also influenced the relations of Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. At a youth rally held recently in Bulgaria, the Yugoslav Sokols were well represented and enthusiastically received, as was a Polish delegation. If only a settlement of the conflict between Serbs, Croats and Slovenes could be achieved, this movement of Slav brotherhood could be strengthened and given a specifically anti-Nazi bias.

Axis Plans for the Balkans

Meanwhile the Axis, despite the enslavement of Czechoslovakia, has been trying to exploit the new feeling for its own ends, to bring both Yugoslavia and Rumania to heel. For the time being Yugoslavian councils in Bulgaria have been an important influence in preventing the question of the Southern Dobrudja from becoming acute. But Bulgarian politicians have committed themselves too deeply ever to abandon the claim entirely, and the Rumanian attitude, that the question simply does not exist, has not helped to cool tempers. The Axis line seems to be that a properly directed all-Slav sentiment could be made aggressive about this piece of Slav (or partly Slav) territory now under Latin-Rumanian rule. This, it is thought, combined with an effectively backed Hungarian pressure about Transylvania, might be fatal to Carol's kingdom. The turn of Greece and Yugoslavia would come next. There the Macedonian Revolutionary Movement, quiescent at the moment but not dead, would be the instrument of disintegration. Promises of an independent Macedonian unit in an Axis-backed South Slav Federation could be, and almost certainly have been, made, and might well be taken seriously if the negotiations between the Serbs and Dr. Macek again collapse.

Palestine and the World

In a war situation the opinion of neutral countries becomes of immense importance, and it is no light thing for the British Government to reject the findings of the Permanent Mandates Commission at Geneva. The Commission, which declared that the British White Paper for Palestine could not be squared with the Mandate, included a Dutchman, a Swiss, a Belgian and a Norwegian, and the minority that voted on the other side were the representatives of Britain, France and Portugal —scarcely impartial opinion. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald's explanation that the majority was not real because four members of the Commission were absent is comically disingenuous, since the four members represented Germany, Japan, Spain and Italy! No one accepted the White Paper policy except as an unhappy necessity in a situation which had got beyond control. It now seems probable that that policy too will break down, and there is new talk of "federation and partition," which has always been the preferable alternative if it could conceivably be brought into being. Is it worth while, if the policy of the White Paper is not in any case enforceable, for Britain to push its policy through the League Council, as it undoubtedly can, and so repudiate the Mandates Commission and once again show up the League as a mere instrument of power politics?

Mexico and Her Oil

Outside the European cock-pit, the question how far, and in what ways, the demoplutocratic Governments are prepared to support Standard Oil and Royal Dutch-Shell in their dispute with Mexico raises points of interest. The negotiations between the Mexican Government and Mr. Donald Richberg, the oil combines' envoy, have broken down. President Cardenas renewed his assurances that compensation for the expropriated properties would be forthcoming, and was willing apparently to consider re-leasing the fields to the companies for a specified period in which exploitation would continue on a royalty basis. He insisted, however, that Mexican Government nominees must have a controlling vote on the various boards of management—a proviso which the companies firmly rejected. The counter-move of the British oil interests is to concentrate, with Whitehall's encouragement, on their Venezuelan concessions. Washington, however, is in something of a dilemma. If the State Department is lukewarm in backing Standard Oil, not merely will the British Government complain that Bolivia is being encouraged to pursue her threatened policy of expropriating her tin mines, but plenty of Congressmen are interested in Mexico's minerals other than oil. On the other hand, if President Cardenas is subjected to overt diplomatic pressure, what becomes of Mr. Cordell Hull's patient efforts to convince the Central and South American republics that Yankee Imperialism is a thing of the past? Washington is uncomfortably aware of the danger lest the Latin Republics should listen to Axis arguments if their northern "Good Neighbour" champions Big Oil too obviously.

Finsbury's Deep Shelters

Despite the opposition of Sir John Simon and the tepid support of the L.C.C. the Finsbury Borough Council is now constructing its first deep shelter according to the Tecton design. Since the normal Departmental loan sanction was refused, the borough has been forced to borrow the necessary money from Shop Investments Ltd., and the interest and capital repayments together work out at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., about $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. more than if the loan had been obtained in the usual way. Two further sites have been selected, but so far the necessary funds have not been obtained. Meanwhile another group, headed by Lord Teynham, have received permission for a private venture. This is the erection of a mechanical garage under Finsbury Square on the lines suggested in the House of Lords debate some months ago. The scheme has no resemblance to the Tecton plan and is a commercial venture. Thus by a queer coincidence one London borough has become the experimental station for those deep shelter designs which the Government refuse to consider.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

RIBBENTROP IN THE KREMLIN

IF the Nazis hoped that the sudden announcement of the imminent signature of a German-Russian Pact of Non-aggression would be the *coup de grace* in the war of nerves, they have once again failed to understand British psychology. The immediate effect has been not capitulation but a notable stiffening of the Government's attitude. Those who never really wanted to co-operate with the U.S.S.R.—and for that reason contributed so largely to the failure of the Anglo-Russian negotiations—are not unduly dismayed; while others who, like ourselves, have consistently urged the speedy completion of a Peace Front, including Russia, as the only method of preventing war and aggression, and who have consistently urged the tragic folly of making the Polish Alliance without a prior arrangement with Soviet Russia, agree that the Government had no alternative to standing by the pledge it has given. Whatever else it has done, Ribbentrop's flight to the Kremlin has not affected the attitude of this country. And the wave of relief which its announcement brought to Germany was quickly replaced by a deepened pessimism when the British Cabinet's communiqué was broadcast from London.

Although it is still difficult to estimate the full consequences of the agreement, it certainly seems to represent in effect the withdrawal of the U.S.S.R. from Western Europe at least for the time being. It is not difficult to understand either Hitler's or Stalin's objectives in making it. Ideology has always been for Hitler a weapon in the war of power, and the anti-Comintern front, as we have constantly stressed in this paper, was only a facade to hide the true motives of German imperialism and to give them a specious respectability in the eyes of Western plutocrats. If the new Pact is all that Hitler hopes, it will restore Germany to the position so skilfully achieved by Bismarck and so rashly thrown away by his successors. It will remove the nightmare of a prolonged war on two fronts, and it will give to him, what Bismarck never dreamt of—undivided control of South-Eastern Europe and an open way to the Near East.

Co-operation with the U.S.S.R. is by no means a new idea in Germany. Ever since 1918 influential military circles have urged this policy, in which the views of left-wing Nazis and Communists coincided before the Nazi revolution. Indeed, from the Treaty of Rapallo until 1933 there grew up a close economic and military co-operation between Germany and Russia. Both at this period were anti-League powers—Germany as the nation defeated in the Great War, and Russia as the Socialist State which had narrowly survived the intervention of the Western pluto-democracies. Economically the two countries have always been complementary. Russia needed and still needs the skilled technical advice and the finished goods which German industry could so easily provide, while Germany was well satisfied to find an inexhaustible market and supply of raw materials. In the second place, the German Reichswehr was able to fight the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles by taking an active part in the training of the Red Army and using it as the experimental station for German rearmament.

This close collaboration was suddenly and sharply broken in 1933; and the break was rendered complete by the ten-year agreement which Hitler negotiated with the Poles. In the first stages of his bloodless war Hitler needed the connivance of the Western Powers and was therefore forced to pose as the bulwark against Bolshevism until he was strong enough to threaten directly those Powers whom he had claimed to protect. The *rapprochement* with Russia may mean that he believes he has no further need for such pretences.

Nor is it difficult to understand why Stalin has taken this sudden action. The long period of collaboration with Germany had left its mark not only on Russian industry and military equipment, but on the Russian mind; and it was broken in 1933 not on the initiative of Russia but on that of the Nazis. It was against the natural bias of Communist foreign policy that Stalin decided in 1934 simultaneously to order the Popular Front tactics for the Communist parties of the world and to propose that the U.S.S.R. should enter the League of Nations. For him this was a hazardous and unwelcome experiment and could be justified only if it met with a whole-hearted and speedy response by the Western Powers.

For five years he waited patiently. During those five years the Western Powers were content to watch the League of Nations put out of action and, instead of resisting Fascist aggression, to initiate a policy of appeasement and to heap affront after affront upon the U.S.S.R. This period culminated in the attempt last September to put the blame for the betrayal of Czechoslovakia upon Russia. When, after the events of March 15th, Stalin proposed an immediate conference of the Peace Powers, Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier must have realised that this was the last chance he was likely to offer to the Western Powers. The dismissal of M. Litvinov was the final warning.

From the Russian point of view there have been, ever since the rise of Hitler, two ways of achieving security. The first is collaboration with the Western Powers in the destruction of the Fascist menace. The second is an understanding with Germany and retirement into armed isolation. As the months and years went on and Germany steadily grew in power, the advantages of the second policy grew proportionately greater. In spite of her tremendous defensive strength, an offensive action by Russia against Germany had been rendered extremely difficult by the betrayal of Czechoslovakia; and the resolute refusal of the Polish Government to permit Russian troops on its soil could hardly have encouraged Stalin to believe in the effectiveness of a Peace Front even if it was formed. In these circumstances adherence to an alliance whose leaders he had every reason to distrust may have seemed more risky than a nicely balanced policy of detachment. Ever since March 15th the only chance of an effective Peace Front was for this country to make a comprehensive alliance with Soviet Russia. We refused such an alliance at the time it was open to us, sowed suspicion and now reap its bitter harvest.

It would be folly to minimise the seriousness of this situation. It has brought war menacingly near, encouraged the boundless ambitions of the Nazi leaders, and left the Western Powers with pledges they cannot escape and can with difficulty fulfil. It means that, if

war comes this year, victory can only be achieved after a far more protracted struggle than if we had defended either Spanish or Czech democracy. For years we have pointed out these dangers and they have been voiced in Parliament by the leaders of the Labour and Liberal Parties, by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill. But all such warnings were unavailing. Since 1931 the National Government first connived at the break-up of the League when it was strong enough to stop aggression without the assistance of Russia; then, when Russia joined the League and was willing to co-operate, they pursued the fantasy of appeasement, thereby completing the destruction of the League and estranging Russia; and, thirdly, when appeasement had failed, as it was bound to fail, they gave unconditional guarantees in Eastern Europe with astonishing levity, and only at the last moment sought the alliance with Russia which was essential to the preservation of peace. The men who have done these things will have a lot to answer for when the day of reckoning comes.

Such considerations cannot blind us to the paramount demands of the present crisis. Disaster may conceivably still be averted now that it is made completely clear to the Nazis that nothing, not even the defection of Russia, will deflect this country from its determination. Such determination may even at this last moment convince Stalin that we are in earnest about resistance. He can have no illusions about Hitler's designs or the value of the Pact which Herr von Ribbentrop offers. Equally it is only determination which can rally American opinion, disillusioned by so many years of British vacillation and pusillanimity, to our side.

But this does not mean that those who have criticised the policy of the National Government and whose criticisms have been tragically justified by the course of history, should now line up meekly behind Mr. Chamberlain. Never has there been a time when the need of an independent Opposition was greater. Every reason of patriotism and of principle demands that Labour should only support those actions of the Government which deserve support and retain its freedom to criticise the men to whose illusion of their own indispensability our present dangers are largely due. Whether for peace or for war, a coalition of all parties under the present leadership would be a national disaster. For of one thing we can be sure: those who have tried one policy after another and successfully botched them all must soon be replaced. When the British people realises the blunders committed in its name, it will turn to those who, in spite of vilification and perversion of their policy, have steadily worked for the interests of this country and the wider interests of humanity. We only hope that they will do so before and not after the storm has broken.

HITLER'S WORLD REVOLUTION

THE Russo-German agreement does not come as a complete surprise to those who have studied closely the ideas which have been shaping the policy of the Nazi leaders. These ideas have little to do with the official "ideology" of the Nazi programme, the rantings against "Bolshevic subhumanity" or the romantic vision of a trek of German colonists on the medieval model to win a new "Lebensraum" in the Ukraine. They are hard and realistic and to a considerable extent they have been stolen from the intellectual arsenal of British Imperialism.

In 1904 one of the leading spirits of British Imperialism, Sir Halford Mackinder, then professor of geography at Oxford, set out for the first time, in a lecture to the Royal Geographical Society, his startling doctrine of "the pivot of history." The "pivot of history" was in his opinion "the heartland of the Old World," in other words, the great plain stretching from the mouth of the Elbe to the mouth of the Amur, the cradle of those barbarous hordes which, like the Huns and later the Mongols, had poured out from here to subdue the countries on its fringes, Western and Southern Europe, India and China. Against this "heartland," the centre of "land power," there stood the representatives of the outer fringe, the Sea Powers—Great Britain, the United States and Japan. On this theory, history, in the last resort, revealed itself as the struggle between the land power of the "heartland" and the Sea Powers for the control of the inner semicircle.

This idea Sir Halford later expanded and applied to the practical problem of the reorganisation of the world after the Great War. In a book, bearing the significant title, *Democratic Ideas and Realities*, published in 1919 while the Peace Conference was deliberating at Versailles, he urged the vital necessity of basing the new world order not upon democratic sentimentalities but upon the hard geographical and geopolitical facts underlying history. The chief lesson to be derived from these, in his opinion, was the vital necessity of preventing Germany and Russia from joining forces. These two Powers were able by the control of the heartland to dominate not only the Old World but the world as a whole. They had lost the war because they had been fighting on opposite sides, but by that common loss they might well learn their lesson and unite. Sir Halford was not satisfied with the "sanitary cordon" of buffer states created at Versailles, but advanced an infinitely more daring and ambitious project, the exchange of the German population of East Prussia with the Polish population of West Prussia, the later Corridor. This proposal had the incidental advantage that it avoided the irritations caused by the Corridor, but its main objective was to destroy the bridge between the Soviet Union and Germany afforded by the continued existence of East Prussia.

These ideas of Sir Halford Mackinder might have remained completely unnoticed in Germany if it had not been for a man who later became the dominant influence in Nazi policy. General Haushofer, the creator of "geopolitics," was an officer on the Bavarian General Staff, and from 1908 onwards was attached for several years to the Japanese Army. As a result of his observations, which went far beyond the immediate military sphere, he published on his return in 1912 a sensational book, *Dai Nippon* (*Greater Japan*), urging an alliance with Japan and beyond that the creation of a great transcontinental block consisting of Germany, Russia and Japan, to oppose the two Anglo-Saxon Powers. Having risen during the war to the post of a divisional commander, he took up after Versailles a professorship of geography at Munich, with the intention of developing that science into a weapon for the resurrection of German World Power.

It was Haushofer who seized upon Sir Halford's book in one of the first issues of the *Zeitschrift für Geopolitik* and recommended it as an extremely valuable medicine, which should not be refused merely because it was concocted by an enemy. Adding to it ideas he had gathered in the East, he developed the apocalyptic vision of a world-wide rising of the coloured nations of the East against the capitalistic rule of the Western Democracies, sponsored and led by the Soviet Union and by Germany.

These ideas, propounded by him in the *Zeitschrift für Geopolitik*, had considerable influence upon the German Far Eastern outlook as well as upon Reichswehr circles. His real hour, however, came with Hitler's accession to power. Rudolf Hess, Hitler's deputy in the leadership of the Nazi Party, had been Haushofer's A.D.C. throughout the war and later on for a time his assistant at his institute for "Geopolitik." Through him Haushofer had come into contact with the Nazi movement almost from the beginning. In the days of its

greatest defeat, after the abortive "Putsch" in Munich in 1923, he had hidden Hess himself and the archives of the party on his farm in the Bavarian uplands. He had been almost alone in visiting Adolf Hitler, when imprisoned in the little Bavarian fortress of Landshut on Lech. Thus, although his marriage to a lady of Jewish extraction made official affiliation to the party impossible, he exercised through his contacts with its leading figures a profound influence upon its policies—in particular in the field of foreign affairs—much to the indignation of the racial purists in its inner circles.

Behind the convenient camouflage of the party's official doctrine the programme, which he first outlined in his great clarion calls to German youth in 1924, has to-day been brought nearer success. In seeking a *rapprochement* with Russia, Herr Hitler has adopted the policy of an influential wing within the party, which is also the policy of the General Staff. Such a rapprochement, if the Russians play the game as Haushofer wants them to play it, does not necessarily mean any disturbance of the older agreement with Japan under the anti-Comintern Pact, though it may disturb the Japanese Army, for which the securing of Germany's assistance in the case of a Far-Eastern struggle with the Soviet Union was the main factor in inducing her to sign that agreement. But on Haushofer's policy Russian and Japanese agreements would both be instruments in the same great plan, which aims at nothing less than the revolutionising of the "Colonial World" against the capitalist rule of the Western Democracies and the establishment of a New World Order, in which Berlin would distribute the spheres of influence amongst its partners and satellites and, where necessary, mediate between them. Whether Stalin, who, unlike the statesmen of the West, has studied the writings of the Nazis, will find the role allotted him by the professor of Geopolitics sufficiently attractive, is quite another question.

A LONDON DIARY

WHEN war began in 1914 Englishmen then knew nothing of war and had no recent memories and images to dry up on their lips the idealistic phrases always used to justify it. To-day if there is war no one will think we are fighting for gallant little Poland or for any abstract cause; it will simply be a preference for national self-preservation and a determination that the Nazis shall not crush the life and thought and civilisation out of Europe. The only way of insuring that was to stop it while it could be done without war; to do it through war is the desperate alternative. One of my own chief feelings is utter exasperation. Not to stop the Fascists in 1933, or 1935 or 1936, or 1937, or 1938, to let Spain and Czechoslovakia go, to refuse the Russian alliance which was the one way of confronting Hitler with a major war on two fronts that he would not tackle, and then to place us in a position of having the issue of peace and war left to Colonel Beck—surely there never was such monumental idiocy. The one last mistake I hope Britain does not make is to begin the bombing. That would help Hitler and have a serious psychological effect in Britain.

* * *

The bitterest part of all this battle has been to see this Government pretending, whenever public opinion has demanded a change of policy, to change the policy and then either abandoning it or caricaturing it when it had won for itself a new lease of life. The truth is that Tories constitutionally believe that they ought to be permanently in office and will do anything to keep there, even to the length of half-heartedly doing things they have denounced as fatal to the nation and making them fatal by half-heartedly doing them. What the actual result of this war, if it comes, will be, no one can remotely prophesy. It is amusing to-day to read the leading articles in the press in August, 1914. I find, for instance, that both the *Nation* and the *New Statesman* were deeply perturbed by finding Britain the ally of Tsarist Russia. The Tsar would insist on a reactionary peace at the end of the war! No, we can prophesy nothing, but I am sure that any good results that do come out of any war are because some people insist on going on thinking and planning at a time when the rest of the world concentrates on preparing for war or fighting it.

* * *

I am not quite sure for what public the Oxford University Press intends its new series of pamphlets on world affairs. The first twelve are now out at the cost of 3*d.* each, three times the price of the *Daily Mirror* and half the price of a Pelican or Penguin. Two of them, R. C. K. Ensor on *Mein Kampf*, and Julian Huxley on *Race in Europe*, are certainly worth the money. They give in concise and readable form the essential information on a special problem and save a lot of book reading for busy people who wish to be recently informed on current affairs. But I cannot say the same for an essay by Professor Zimmern, which is merely a slab out of any of his unpublished works, or for Mr. Hodson's *British Empire*, which is not worth even a quarter of a good Penguin. The whole series seems to have been designed as a sort of "Speaker's Notes," the speaker being, no doubt, a British propagandist in the next war. This accounts for the unusually discreet tone of Mr. Henderson's discussion of colonial problems, and Professor Brierly's treatment of encirclement. But even for propaganda purposes Mr. Gathorne Hardy's specious defence of the Allies' interpretation of The Fourteen Points is poor stuff. Mr. Hardy does not begin to meet the point that the reservations were not only secret, but came months after the Fourteen Points had had their propaganda effect in Germany. And to argue that the forbidding of the Austro-German Union was all right because "to allow Germany to come out of the war with so large an accretion of territory would be an abuse of the principle" of self-determination "and inconsistent with the destruction of Germany's arbitrary power" seems to me a sophistry of which even Dr. Goebbels would fight shy.

* * *

Reading these pamphlets took my mind back to a problem which does not seem to worry most people as much as it worries me. Supposing that we do win a war, how is the German people to be fitted into a peaceful Europe? I have no doubt that, if the Nazis are defeated, there will be a wild outcry for the destruction or partition of Germany. The other day a responsible and well-informed person actually said to me that a good peace would cut up Germany so small that it would take them a hundred years to rebuild it for the next war. That seems to me not merely pessimism, but lunacy. And yet when one looks at the map of Europe, one can't get away from the fact that any State which included all or nearly all Germans within its frontiers would inevitably menace all its neighbours. The truth is that the German problem and, indeed, all the frontier and minority problems will remain insoluble so long as sovereign nation States continue. Every plan for a Danubian Federation, or a division of South and North Germany will fall to pieces, unless there is an organ of central federal government in Europe. The choice seems to be either a United States of Europe under Nazi domination, or a federation organised by the Western democracies. It is worth serious discussion now, because war aims are like a snowball—they increase as the war goes on—and if we could get the idea of federation well launched now, it might emerge as the dominant idea after the catastrophe. It will be a central problem anywhere, whether Europe is in chaos or Communist or merely returns to some kind of liberal compromise.

* * *

I have a friend whose task it is to read immense numbers of detective and thrilling stories. His spare time average is six a week; full time he reads four to five a day. He has been doing this for seven years, and he says that though the products he deals with are as impermanent and alike as sausages there has nevertheless been a perceptible change in ingredients. When he started, the hero was generally a public school boy and always a gentleman; there was even a period when the

detective had to be a Hendon College man. To-day, the Hendon College product is brought in for comedy only. One or two authors, including Miss Ngaio Marsh (*Inspector Alleyn*), hold firmly on to their quivering seat of *snobisme ;* but the great majority have gone over socially to the Left. The hero of a recent *Nero Wolf* story was killed fighting for the Spanish Republic. My friend cited an example of a writer whose sleuth began by being a Hendon gentleman with Ouida-like aristocratic connections and now decorates the books with reflections suitable to the *Daily Worker*. A. D. Divine scored a success with a thriller about choking the Suez canal to defeat the Italians in the Abyssinian war, and Eric Ambler, the most successful new man among pure thriller writers, is just an anti-Fascist romancer. Detective stories and such are for non-political people ; I am not certain that this change has not a considerable social significance.

* * *

If there is war, which is not yet certain, there are three things I recommend—a bicycle, a good supply of electric torches with re-fills and "Plastic Ear Plugs" which are supplied by Harbutts for swimmers but which are good against noise.

* * *

Here is an interesting sidelight on the character of the Führer, which comes to me on first-hand evidence. When the question of furnishings for the new Reich chancellery in Berlin was being discussed, Hitler as usual took a personal interest in every detail. He decided that the banqueting hall should be hung with tapestries and ordered a dealer to purchase at once £20,000 worth. The dealer respectfully pointed out that such a deal would take time—tapestries cannot be purchased in bulk—and suggested that there were 700 stored in the cellars of the Vienna Art Gallery. "Why should not the Führer make use of some of these ? The Vienna Gallery would gladly loan them." Hitler brooded on this suggestion and then suddenly brushed it aside. "No ! No ! they belong to the German people. And anyhow my successor will probably change them all round." CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to A. J. White.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

To a Salvationist not well-grounded spiritually, the acceptance of a glass of lemonade may eventually lead to his downfall.—Letter in *War Cry*.

But surely the attitude of the average Englishman and his wife to the "summer" this year suggests a toughness of fibre in England which the German can never hope to understand.

I have known many Germans—and Italians. I have never known them to "grin and bear" anything in the same way that the English family grins and bears the English climate.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*.

Selfridge's have an interesting hand-blocked blouse on which is reproduced the Declaration of Independence (July 4th, 1770) in red on a cream ground.

I looked at another of the same style, but on a different theme—this time the Houses of Parliament. Cost—49*s*. 6*d*.—*Sunday Chronicle and Sunday Referee*.

Lady Baldwin prays for the Duke of Windsor every night, according to an interview published in the *New York World Telegram* to-day.

She is quoted as saying : "The Duke had charm, very great charm. I pray for him every night."

Lord Baldwin, then Mr. Baldwin, was Premier when the Duke of Windsor abdicated on December 11th, 1936.—*Daily Mirror*.

If I found myself joining in a ceremonial dance in the Fiji Islands I should rub noses with the best of them. And all the time, at heart, I should remain an old-fashioned Manchester Liberal.—Beverley Nichols in *Sunday Chronicle*.

THE RAILWAYMEN'S CASE

[BY A CORRESPONDENT]

THE railwaymen's case is not at all widely known. As the dispute develops it will probably be pushed more and more into the background. In its place there will be a lot of talk about "taking advantage of the national emergency to blackmail the public" and besides this there will be many wistful allusions to the poor, long-suffering stockholders. So the railwaymen's case is worth knowing and worth spreading abroad.

What is the background ? The railways employ 600,000 men. Of these, well over 450,000 are in what are called the "traffic grades" ; they are the people who make the railways run. The rest are either "shopmen," whose job is to build and repair engines and carriages, or else workers in the various side-lines run by the railways—seamen on cross-Channel ships, lorry-drivers and so on.

The traffic grades—who are the people immediately concerned in the present dispute—are organised into three different unions. Far and away the biggest is the National Union of Railwaymen (N.U.R.), with 360,000 members. It is a modern-type general union, to which in theory all men and women employed by the railway companies can belong. In actual fact, two types of railway workers have special unions of their own.

Engine-drivers, firemen and cleaners can join the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen (ASLEF). It has 50,000 members and is a union of skilled workers. However about a quarter of the drivers and firemen are in the N.U.R. So are about half the cleaners. Some railwaymen are even members of both unions. The subscription to the N.U.R. is lower than to the ASLEF. In the strike of January, 1924, when the ASLEF came out alone, many drivers in the N.U.R. went on working and to some extent weakened the strike. As a result, there was a good deal of bitterness between the two unions and much of it still remains. Firemen's basic wages range from 57 shillings to 72 shillings : engine drivers' from 72 shillings to 90 shillings. Special payments for long mileages and Sunday work are added to these basic rates.

Clerical workers—booking-office clerks, stationmasters and so on—are organised in the Railway Clerks Association (R.C.A.), which has 60,000 members. This union has a unique place in trade-unionism, because clerks are very difficult people to organise. By way of comparison, the general union for clerks, the N.U.C., has only 10,000 members—a sixth of the membership of the R.C.A. !

Outside the traffic grades, the trade union picture is a jumbled one. Many of the men are skilled woodworkers, upholsterers, engineers and so on. They therefore naturally belong to their own craft unions. On the road and sea transport side, many of the men are in one of the transport unions. Some are in general unions. But since all grades are eligible for the N.U.R., quite a number join it.

Wage disputes are settled differently for the two types of workers. For the traffic grades the supreme body is the Railway Staff National Tribunal. The N.U.R., ASLEF, and R.C.A. collaborate in appointing one member of the tribunal ; the employers appoint another ; and there is a neutral chairman, agreeable to both sides—at the moment, Sir Arthur Salter.

In the non-traffic grades there is an Industrial Court in which the N.U R. collaborates with the many other unions involved. This court usually bases its findings on the rates being paid to the traffic grades. This is rather important in the present dispute, because the companies say that any concessions made to the traffic grades will have to be extended to all grades and therefore the cost of them will be greatly increased.

Neither the Staff Tribunal nor the Industrial Court can make a binding decision. Strike action is still possible after defeat in the Court.

In the present dispute, the position is this. All three railway

unions went before the Tribunal in the winter. In February the Tribunal produced its verdict. It recommended two small concessions. But otherwise it turned all the demands down flat, except for suggesting that as soon as the companies were making a bigger profit there would be a strong case for raising the minimum wage of the worst-paid workers.

The unions withdrew to chew things over. In the last few weeks they have made up their minds what to do. The R.C.A. has decided to drop all its demands (which included the 40-hour week, longer holidays and salary-increases), but has said that it sympathises with the N.U.R. claim for a minimum wage of 50 shillings a week. The N.U.R. has decided to drop all its demands except the demand for the 50-shilling minimum. The ASLEF, always militant, has dropped no single demand and is presenting them all again *en bloc* and has decided on strike action for Saturday midnight if they are not conceded. The demands include a shilling a day increase in pay, a fortnight's paid holiday instead of a week, higher pay for Sunday work, and abolition of rosters extending beyond eight hours a day.

In reply to all this the companies made their counter-offer. They were prepared to raise the minimum wage from 43 shillings a week to 45 shillings. This change has been in force since the beginning of August and affects 15,000 men.

One crucial change has come over the whole position since the February verdict. Rearmament activity has led to a boom. In February there were still close on two million unemployed. The railways, having had a rotten year in 1938, looked like having an even worse one in 1939. On those grounds the Tribunal gave its verdict. Now all that is changed. In the early weeks of the year rail receipts were down on the previous year by as much as a quarter of a million a week. By the end of the spring that decline had stopped. Then the weeks began to show an increase over 1938. Now that increase is as big as a quarter of a million a week. On the first 32 weeks of the year the increase over the corresponding period last year is £1,864,000. If we do no more than assume that receipts for the whole year will show an increase in proportion to this, then it means that the railways will have an extra £3,000,000 in their pockets at the end of the year. But obviously this is an absurd under-estimate. Everything points to the rest of the year being as profitable as the last couple of months have been. There is no reason why receipts should not continue to be up by a quarter of a million a week. In this case a final increase in receipts of £7,000,000 is possible. Expenses may possibly rise by £2,000,000. That would mean an increase in net revenue of £5,000,000.

The railways may say this is over-optimistic. Let us be moderate. Let us put the probable increase in net revenue at £4,500,000. It will almost certainly be more. It can hardly be a penny less. So an extra £4,500,000 is what the railways will have to play about with this year. What are the costs of the railwaymen's demands?

The February demands of all three unions would have cost £6,750,000. With things doing as well as they are now, there might even be enough extra money to cover all of them. But the demands now being pressed would cost a great deal less. The 50-shilling minimum for the traffic grades would cost £1,200,000. The remaining claims of the ASLEF would cost another £1,200,000. This makes £2,400,000 in all. The railways claim that if the 50-shilling minimum were granted it would be necessary to scale up other wage-rates and also to extend the increases to the non-traffic grades. They estimate the cost of this as nearly £1,500,000. The Tribunal did not accept this figure. But even if we take it as fair, then the total cost of the concessions now being asked for is below £4,000,000. This sum would therefore be covered by the year's increase in net revenue.

The cost of the companies' recent decision to raise the minimum wage to 45 shillings is about £100,000, a relatively small amount.

Naturally the companies will answer that comparison with 1938 is unfair because it was such a bad year. This is quite true, although 1938 was no worse than 1933 and a good deal better than 1932. Even in 1938 close on £30,000,000 was paid out in interest and dividends—quite a big sum for an industry whose total turnover is less than £200,000,000. The truth is, as everyone knows, that the railways are over-capitalised. The unions have little sympathy for the shareholders. They regard them as people who put their money into highly speculative investments, mostly in the last century, and who for a time did very well out of them. If people invest their money foolishly, it is no doubt very sad. But it is no reason why living conditions of good workmen should be depressed indefinitely. The unions gave striking examples before the Tribunal of the reckless way in which much railway capital was raised and spent. The old London, Chatham and Dover Railway in 1867 spent £4,000,000 of its £16,000,000 capital in raising it.

Still, there are 850,000 railway stockholders. So they must be widely spread about among the population. As many trusts and friendly societies hold railway stock, the total number of people interested in railway dividends must be even greater.

Undoubtedly the main plank in the union's demands is for the 50-shilling minimum. At the moment 100,000 railwaymen get less than 50 shillings a week. This is, of course, their basic rate. About half do in fact get more than fifty shillings when overtime and Sunday pay are added on. But that is by the way. The rates compare badly with rates paid for similar work in other industries. For example, a municipal worker doing a job requiring the same degree of skill would expect to get about 56 shillings. So the present 45-shilling minimum is extremely low.

The N.U.R. feels that its chances of having the 50-shilling minimum recommended by the Staff Tribunal are now very good. It has therefore decided to go once again to the Tribunal before threatening strike action. The ASLEF, on the other hand, is not willing to delay any longer. The position is therefore much the same as in January, 1924. On that occasion the drivers and firemen got certain concessions by a week's strike. But they did not get all they wanted because many N.U.R. drivers stayed at work. What will happen this week-end depends to a great extent on the attitude of the N.U.R. drivers.

It should surely be possible for the Government at a time of European crisis to avert this stoppage. Having promised a square deal to the companies, it could quite legitimately step in and ensure a square deal for the men.

I HATE

"IT does not matter much what a man hates," said Samuel Butler, "provided he hates something." Hating is certainly an enviable form of pleasure, and many people are never more cheerful than when expressing their hatred even of the most trivial things. There has recently been a "My Hates" Competition running in the *Daily Express*, and people have been given prizes of a guinea and half a guinea for confessing that they hated such things as the smell of a wet dog or children who recite. Most of the competitors, I am sure, were the happier for their hates. Hatred is supposed to sour the blood, but I suspect that, on the contrary, in nine cases out of ten, it stirs some gland or other into activity, the effect of which is to bring a healthy colour into the cheeks and brightness into the eyes.

When a man says, "I hate this or that," he becomes more than ordinarily conscious of his exceptional personality. If a woman says to you, "I loathe the Opera," you know that she is not confessing to a deficiency in her nature but is boasting. The expression of hatred is nearly always boastful. Even when a man says, "I hate sausages," he is making a boast of his separateness from the crowd. I myself have often confessed to a hatred of parsnips and to less than a love of rabbit, and I have never felt any need to apologise for my distaste. We usually take it for granted that our hatreds are

justified. One of the things I hate most is photographs of bathing belles laughing uproariously in the water, and I defend myself to myself for this resentment on the ground that the laughter is not genuine but is a piece of acting by girls posing self-consciously before the camera. I dislike, I may say, most photographs of laughing women: I dislike nearly all photographs of human beings laughing except those of people who did not at the time know they were being photographed.

I was surprised, however, to find how few of the hatreds of the *Daily Express* competitors I share. Thus one competitor confesses to a hatred of "fat women in short sleeves," whom I am incapable even of disliking. I think a happy fat woman is one of the most charming sights in Nature, however lightly she may be clothed. The same competitor expresses his hatred of "excitable men with slipping dentures," who should be objects of sympathy surely rather than of hate. Apart from this, men with "slipping dentures" are, in my experience, usually particularly lovable characters. The most curious object of detestation in the list, however, seems to me to be "Robert Browning's poetry." How is it possible to hate the poetry of a man who has been dead a long time and has ceased even to be much talked about? I can understand a contemporary of Browning's being exasperated to the point of hatred by enthusiasts who kept trying to push Browning down his throat and urging him above all things not to miss *Sordello*. But, when a poet is dead, there is no need to hate him because there is no need to read him: he has ceased to be the fashion. There may, of course, be a fashionable revival of a dead poet's fame, as there was of Donne's in the present century; and then—but then only—it must be admitted, he becomes a proper object for hatred again.

As a general rule, the only poets whom we can hate with anything like gusto are living poets. There is a good reason for this. It is that we cannot escape from them. They are in the air: sometimes, they are even on the air. People talk about them in a way that makes them seem even more obscure than they are. Their names and works are thrust on us in paper after paper. They become the Right Thing to admire. In the end we even have to read them to find out why we hate them so much.

This is unfortunate, for it is more difficult to hate a poet whom one has read than a poet whom one has not read—read, I mean, again and again. I have known more than one man to lose the pleasure of hatred simply as a result of reading an author. I have a friend who till recently hated Dickens with a bitter hatred. He cursed him up and down, saying that he had no sense of humour and wrote sentimental twaddle such as only chuckle-headed Englishmen could enjoy. One day some one asked him whether he had even read Dickens. He seemed surprised at that, but honourably replied: "Not a line of him." Caught at a disadvantage, he promised to read *David Copperfield* if it were sent to him. To his amazement he found it the most entrancing novel he had ever read. He began to rave about Dickens as extravagantly as he had hitherto cursed him, and took to cursing Chehov instead. Then, unfortunately for him, some one took him to see a performance of *The Seagull*, and another good hate was lost to him. He took to raving about Chehov like any honest man. Who is the latest object of his hatred I do not know, but I have no doubt that there is some author not yet read by him whom he is denouncing to the world as the most damnable dodderer who ever held a pen.

There may, of course, be other good reasons for hating a man's writing besides not having read it. New literature may inspire hatred as justly as new political theories. If you think that it threatens the existence of some of the things you most cherish and that it offers a hungry world chaff instead of grain, it is as natural to hate an innovation in the arts as an innovation in politics. That fear, I imagine, is at the root of much of the hatred of the new poetry, the new painting, and the new music. A century hence it will be possible to say whether it was justified. Meanwhile everything that is new—artistic, political, and philosophic—gives thousands of people excellent reasons for a hearty hate.

I wonder, however, whether the hearty haters are happier than the mild haters who competed for guineas in the *Daily Express*. On the whole, I think they are. These passionate haters enjoy the pleasures of fighting men which—I speak from a very slight experience—must be among the greatest in life. I prefer, however, the milder detestations, like that felt by Samuel Butler for all those people whose photographs he saw in the shop-windows. Or like that felt by a competitor for "bare-legged cyclists eating ice-cream before the high altar of a cathedral" and for "burnt currants on the top of a Christmas cake." There is one woman, I see, who expresses her hatred of bowler hats. It is a hatred that I felt myself as a boy on Sunday morning, when I was compelled to wear one on the way to church. Equally I hated gloves. Now that I am no longer compelled to wear either a bowler hat or gloves, however, I have become more tolerant. I cannot work up a passion about a mere article of clothing. Except, perhaps, sock-suspenders. I still abominate sock-suspenders.

Other people are evidently more easily moved to hate in matters of dress. One man reveals his hatred of "men who wear starched collars with sports jackets." That seems to me a waste of a noble passion. And so does the common hatred of the man who on the hottest day in summer takes off his waistcoat and goes about exposing his braces to the eye of the sun. I was glad to see the *Times* paying a tribute the other day to its golfing correspondent for boldly exposing his braces on the links. Yet, hearing some people talk, you would think that, if this sort of thing were permitted, the foundations of society would be shaken. In a world in which the sense of decency is rapidly changing, it seems to me likely that the last thing that will cease to be considered indecent will be braces. Even people who see nothing improper in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* regard braces that are visible as a loathesome indecency.

Other people's hates, however, are usually unreasonable. I have never been able to understand, for example, why so many people who listen to wireless programmes are so voluble in their hatred of classical music. I could easily understand the angry snarls of an unmusical man who was imprisoned in a room in which Bach was being played and compelled to sit all day and listen to him. I have felt myself seething with hatred at a musical party at which the coming of refreshments was delayed for what seemed hours by masterly performances of the works of the masters. But the listener to the wireless is in no such plight. He can shut up the greatest musical geniuses the world has known with the click of a switch or the turn of a knob. It is absurd to hate anything unless it is forced on us merely because we cannot enjoy it. Still, as I began by saying, hating is a pleasure, and it appeals to our vanity to hate things other people enjoy, whether Bach or golf, hiking or the cinema. Luckily the number of things we can hate is infinite, and, as it will always remain so, we shall never lack ideal subjects for conversation. Y. Y.

Miscellany

ARTIFICIAL COMEDY

LET us attempt a few minutes' respite from anxiety by switching our minds on to Artificial Comedy.

As nearly everyone knows, the first production of *The Importance of Being Earnest* was checked in what promised to be a run of glory by the Queensbury libel case and the arrest of Wilde. The Haymarket Theatre, which till then had been packed night after night with delighted laughing people, suddenly emptied. In desperation Alexander stooped to removing Wilde's name from the placards, in the hope that if the authorship of the play were ignored, some people might

continue to enjoy it with a clear conscience. In vain: the lucky who had booked ahead and those who had hoped some day to get in, were still either afraid or ashamed to go.

The triumph of its first night has been described both by eye-witnesses and others who pretend to have been there, but, as far as I know, no one has recorded anything about those last anonymous performances. It would be interesting to learn how the chilled air affected the actors, and the response of those last scanty audiences to the play. Whether the brilliant extravagance of the dialogue fell flat (we know where lies the prosperity of a jest), or whether the innocent gaiety of the play made them forget for a while even the guilt of the dramatist. Whether such comments as "The amount of women in London who flirt with their husbands is perfectly scandalous. It is simply washing one's clean linen in public," or Cecily's reproach to Algernon, "I hope you have not been leading a *double* life, pretending to be wicked and being really good all the time," continued to be hailed with delight; or whether a feeling "We know what irresponsible wit leads to," caused them to fall without a ripple into the muddled attention of those half-empty houses. But on one point all records are clear: that George Alexander never achieved anything better than his performance as "Ernest." Alexander was an able actor, not a first-rate one, and Wilde himself once complained that he never acted but "only behaved." In every part he was always his handsome self-controlled self. He excelled, I recall, in pardoning erring women with a man-of-the-world-cum-King-Arthur air, raising her from her knees or waving hands that blessed. He had a fine emphatic presence, and an effective turn for ponderous tenderness and giving grave advice. Therefore with these gifts I can easily believe that "Alexander-Ernest's" sudden appearance in the sun-lit garden of the second act in deepest black, and his slow decorous gestures of utterable woe, must have brought down a crash of unforgettable laughter. More than that. Having often watched Alexander in his repertory of effects, I can well imagine the spice that his self-conscious dignity would add to Ernest's fantastic embarrassments. Also, the gusto with which he must have reproduced his mannerisms, parodying them slightly in the comic key—for there is nothing more refreshing to an actor who can't get away from himself, than to find that after all his old tricks can serve new ends. And thus it comes about that although I never saw Alexander in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, my idea of his performance has become the standard by which I have judged the Ernests I have seen.

Mr. Gielgud's is the third of them and the best. He is a quick, highly-strung Ernest. He sits, leaps up, moves, strips off his gloves, with elegant restlessness. He often speaks with a low-voiced rapidity, sometimes, I regret to say, to the point of becoming barely audible in this effort to compose a personality round this nervous conception of the part. To my mind he slightly overdoes Ernest's moments of embarrassment, making them a touch too tense. I regret to say he sometimes looks quite genuinely miserable. But there ought not to be a single moment when Ernest ceases to be amused at himself. When agitated he should still hint that his predicament is a feast of fun to himself; that he is enjoying the preposterous situation every bit as much as the preposterous things which fly out of his mouth. And this applies to all the characters, for this play is a genuine artificial comedy and far the best since Congreve's.

The secret of performing in Artificial Comedy is to impersonate people who are already impersonating themselves and revelling in acting their own characters. Every gesture and intonation should be self-delighting; never a betrayal of direct feeling. Alas, actors and actresses to-day have few chances of practising this delicate art of exaggerated finesse in expression. Modern plays, on the contrary, train them to squeeze all self-consciousness out of their acting; while every year the social scene affords fewer examples of people who by deliberately putting form and flourish into the parts for which Life has cast them, might serve as models to the Stage. How scarce to-day are episcopal bishops or really archidiaconal archdeacons! How rare great ladies or dandies who proclaim themselves true to type! Now Yeats is dead, is there a poet left who behaves and talks like one? Have our millionaires any resemblance to magnificos? Is there still a flirt about who makes an art of flirting like Dolly of *The Dolly Dialogues*?

Oscar Wilde once said that he had put his talent into his writings, but his genius into his life, and though that is true, his own playful art of living—namely to dramatise himself, and the moment with all it contained to the delight of everyone round him, did get into *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Everyone in it sooner or later says something in Oscar's happiest vein. He ventriloquises through all the characters, the young girls as well as the young men and even through Lady Bracknell and Miss Prism. What could be more characteristic of Oscar himself than Cecily's retort to the aristocratic Gwendolen, who says loftily that the country bores her, "Ah, that is what the newspapers call agricultural depression, is it not? I believe the aristocracy are suffering very much from it just at present." Or Miss Prism's pronouncement, "that by persistently remaining single, a man converts himself into a permanent public temptation. Men should be more careful; this very celibacy leads weaker vessels astray." But this ventriloquism does not matter dramatically, for such remarks often gain in extravagance by dropping from other mouths beside his juvenated *alter ego's*, Algernon, and because the relief (and importance sometimes) of *not* being earnest, is the spirit of the whole play. No one was more liable than Wilde to be sentimental about anything he took seriously. Here, for once, he got away from sentiment. The play was written rapidly during the happiest period of his friendship with Lord Alfred Douglas who contributed, I feel sure, to the spirit of it—the nonsense, fun and repartees that had once flashed between them, often passing into the dialogue. There are passages which sound like a transcription of the talk between these two admirers of each other's wit.

> *Algernon:* Yes, if you are not too long. I never saw anybody take so long to dress, and with such little result.
>
> *Jack:* Well, at any rate, that is better than being always over-dressed as you are.
>
> *Algernon:* If I am occasionally a little over-dressed, I make up for it by being always over educated.

Again, after Jack has asked anxiously if he thinks there is any chance of Gwendolen becoming like her mother, Lady Bracknell, Algernon replies—and one can hear Oscar's voice poised on the mock sententious note:

> All women become like their mothers. That is their tragedy. No man does. That's his.
>
> *Jack:* Is that clever?
>
> *Algernon:* It is perfectly phrased! And quite as true as any observation in civilised life should be.

By the way, Miss Ffrangçon-Davies, in the part of Gwendolen cleverly suggests by her voice and gestures at times that she is distinctly her portentous mother's daughter. Gwendolen should be, and is, as she plays her, a sophisticated contrast to that delightful parody of maiden simplicity, Cecily. But I have a slight fault to find with her ingenious gay performance: Miss Ffrangçon-Davies does not hold herself or move as well as a carefully brought up young lady of the 'nineties would do. The bearing and demeanour, on the other hand, of Miss Peggy Ashcroft as Cecily is perfect, and the unself-consciousness demureness with which she utters her inappropriate sentiments is delicious. Miss Edith Evans' Lady Bracknell is a masterpiece of controlled extravagance. The temptation to overdo that lady's portentousness is subtly resisted, and yet the crescendos of her absurdity are beautifully distinct. Miss Evans keeps still—that was important, so the smallest movement on Lady Bracknell's part conveys the full horror of her amazement or disapproval. The male actors are not so completely in the key of artificial comedy which I have defined above. I have mentioned that Mr. Gielgud seemed to me to suggest a little too much genuine emotion. Mr. Hawkins as Algernon gave an admirably lively performance, but it was his broadest jokes that told best. He lacked the self-delighting deliberate utterance, the gay insouciant elegance. He was

vivacious, inelegant, funny. May I give Mr. Howe a hint? Doctor Chasuble ought certainly to be obsequious, but with the unction of the clergyman who is too aware of social distinctions, not with the servility of a very timid butler. Chasuble is funnier if he is represented as thoroughly conscious of his dignity while he is giving it away. Mr. Howe should tone him down a little. Miss Margaret Rutherford's fine talent is for naturalistic comedy. She is a good Miss Prism—but oh how far is "good" from her triumph as Miss Bijou!

Undoubtedly, this is far the best revival of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and it is being enormously enjoyed. The very end (which is the weak part) ought to be taken much faster. There is nothing to be done with it but hurry it through with reckless gaiety, as though the actors themselves had broken down in amusement at their own absurdity. Jack looking up his father's name and discovering it to be Ernest is a detail which might be cut. The joke is foreseen and takes too long to make. I would like him, too, to succeed in embracing Miss Prism violently when he hails her as his Mother, and hear Miss Rutherford give a more piercing scream. But what a care-destroying work and what a good performance!

DESMOND MACCARTHY

IN A MADHOUSE

FOR five months of the present year I have been confined in a madhouse. As modern readers never meet that semi-obsolescent word in present-day journalism, I had better explain that a madhouse is what used to be called a "lunatic asylum" and what is now called a "mental hospital." Of the three titles my fellow-inmates preferred the second as being most apt because, as they emphasied, the place was indeed a refuge from the lunatic outside world.

Like one of the grave-diggers in *Hamlet* you will doubtless desire to know how I came to be mad. "Very strangely" indeed! I am a barrister by profession and when I mistook one of His Majesty's judges for an advocate on the Bench and his Lordship's summing-up for a speech on behalf of the prosecution, everybody knew I must be crazy, English judges being famous, especially amongst themselves, for holding the scales of justice equally poised. Then I conceived the remarkable delusion that it was wrong for my eloquent friend Mr. Norman Birkett to be at the call of a rich criminal for cash while the poorer defendants had only myself, or someone even worse, or no counsel at all; but though Norman—whose heart is as kind as his head is sound—listened indulgently to me as usual, another well-known K.C. declared I was far gone indeed. I went on to mistake the "White Book" of our professional practice in the Supreme Court of Judicature for a monstrous black book of the devil's; and the happy, innocent solicitors' clerks with their sweet simple unspotted natures frisking about in the "Bear Garden" of the Law Courts in the Strand for lost souls in one of Dante's circles of Hell. Coming away from the Old Bailey I was overheard to mutter that I could not understand why Law and Justice which were divinely intended for the preservation of every man should be employed to the ruin of any man. This lunatic utterance was the last straw. No one recognised the accents of the immortal Dean Swift—and if they had, it is perfectly clear to anyone reading *Gulliver's Travels* that the author of so much good sense about mankind must have been mad, apart from the known fact that in later life he was declared so. Doctors were called to see me. I told them I did not believe in doctors (which made them think I was sane for a moment) but when they showed me a portrait of a well-known Cabinet Minister and I declared it to be a poll-parrot, they unhesitatingly certified me.

So I was incarcerated in a lunatic asylum. Or—in the modern euphemistic phrase—I became "a patient in a mental hospital." To avoid hurt feelings, the house had been called "Utopia" after Sir Thomas More's book, but indeed it was much better.

Let me confess that I had the time of my life. Divorced from my home (without costs, *decree nisi* or publicity); freed from my obligations to pay rent, rates, taxes, tradesmen, debts, visits; changed in the twinkling of an eye from a slave of a professional man chained to the oar of earning his own and others' livelihoods to a gentleman of infinite leisure, I really lived, for the first time in my hard-working life. I was the responsibility of others instead of others being my responsibility. Food, raiment and shelter were provided, all excellent in their quality. I felt like the Lilies of the Field, having neither to toil nor spin nor take thought for the morrow; thanks to my father the State I could now live a perfectly Christian existence, and this I trust, I endeavoured to do. I lived entirely for pleasure—the pleasure of mere living, uncomplicated by mental malaise of any kind, like Walt Whitman's animals.

Recalling from these experiences how ideal life in a lunatic asylum can be, I cannot understand why those people are called "sane" who live outside. It is noteworthy that the imprisoned lunatics within walls invariably draw a sharp distinction between their happy selves and the fools outside, speaking of "us" with complacence and of "them" with contempt. As you who remain outside the asylum walls do the same thing, who is to decide which is right?

The inmates of Utopia welcomed me warmly. At first from prejudice I rather shrank from contact but when I found how superior the lunacy of many of them was to mine, I gladly made friends. Honestly, I do not exaggerate when I say that compared with the outside world, my lunatic asylum was a Heaven upon earth. The peace and tranquillity! The beauty of their regular, ordered, untroubled lives! No sensational newspapers; no inane wireless blather and bunkum; no noise of traffic; no wars or rumours of wars, not so much as a Danzig; no tax-collectors or tax-inspectors—nothing but an untroubled environment that was quiet, healthful and agreeable.

Visitors came to Utopia but most inmates dreaded them for fear relatives and friends should try to get us out, and the kind doctors used to put them off by saying that visits "only made the poor fellows worse." As indeed they did! Conversation, gardening, reading, writing not for publication (by a Barabbas of a publisher) but for oneself and one's immediate circle of friends were their chief pleasures which never seemed to pall or satiate. Motor-cars, aeroplanes, trains, telephones, gramophones, radios, and similar contrivances so much admired in the outside world were the objects of their special detestation, and they frequently pitied the "victims" of these "diabolical inventions."

Certain irrational ideas they held very strongly and these seemed to be general amongst them. Money-making was wicked; sex an imposture of old Mother Nature's; fame and notoriety delusions; Government an unnecessary fraud. One of the Utopians, a deeply pious man told me that the purpose of religion was to make men happy in this life by giving them a serene confidence in God, and that church-going, professional priests and an insurance of future salvation were false representations of true religion. Poor fellow! he was quite mad but so charming and mistakenly sincere.

These lunatics had the greatest conceit of themselves. For as they pointed out, even the outside world really respected them so much that brutal, barbarous, and wicked though the "sane" world were, if a murderer were found to be a lunatic, they dared not hang him. Yet on one of their own sort the men in the outside world had no mercy and would hang, flog, imprison and mentally torture their fellows for crimes of which they themselves were capable if they had not actually committed them. Outside there was really only one crime: that of being found out.

The fellow-lunatic, in whom I took most interest, naturally enough was a member of my own profession. We had many long talks, but his ideas upon Law Reform, although akin to my own, struck me as extravagant even for a lunatic. He thought that Judges should be the friends and servants of the public; should glory in late sittings and little pay; and that

they should save criminals from, instead of sending them to, death, prison or social ostracism. Perking judicial persons up in scarlet and horsehair he thought a vicious error: they should not inspire awe but confidence. He would even have deprived *me* of my advocate's white wig and black gown and my delightful meals in Gray's Inn—which was where I violently dissented from his extravagant ideas. With him I was ready to abolish the dock and the oath and to turn the policeman into a saviour of criminals and to allow no trial judge to inflict a sentence—but I am only human and while I am ready to reform the world, I do not think reforms should go too far and rouse opposition by their eccentricity.

From the foregoing you will see how interesting was the world of insane ideas in which I lived for the five happiest months of my life. Unfortunately an officious friend, motivated by pure affection (he being unable to believe in my happiness behind stone walls and iron bars) moved heaven and earth including the Home Office to get me out. Sir Samuel Hoare, who is M.P. for Chelsea (where I lived) intervened and sent eminent doctors to examine me again. When I said that I respected Sir Samuel as a fellow-lover of Stendhal, but as a supporter of the National Government he must be a completely disingenuous fellow and no true Stendhalian, the doctors (by two to one) pronounced me recovered. I was de-certified and released.

And now my one object in life is—to get myself back into the asylum again. Like Lucifer I have fallen from Heaven into Hell and this sane world which at present is contemplating self-destruction is more than my insane brain can stand.

C. G. L. DU CANN

AIR LINER

FROM swift progression over level grass
The raucous monster slides into ascent,
Surges in upwards semi-circle past
The box-like dwellings, noses into Kent:
Its outstretched shadow shakes the suburbs off,
Crosses a county, skims along the sea,
To meet its metal self at Tempelhof,
While passengers take sandwiches and tea.

Backwards and forwards, regular as a bus,
Prosaic and punctual now, no more a sight
To gape at as the din advises us
That skyward glance would glimpse its scheduled flight:
And not for us, as yet, a sinister sound
To send whole cities scuttling underground.

GEOFFREY PARSONS

"THE HIGHLY REPUTABLE FLEA"

[The story contained in this curiously topical allegory is here specially translated from an ancient Chinese MS.]

LIN-PER, a man of Chan and chief vizier to Jan Pul, the lord of Eng State, had in the exercise of his duties decided to hand over to a certain bandit chief four men who were said by the chief to have murdered a friend of his. The trouble was on the far-off borders of Eng State, and the local Ssu K'ou (stipendiary magistrate) had decided that the grounds of suspicion against the four men were inadequate and had refused to place them in the chief's hands. He knew very well that, as was the practice of those bandits, they only wanted to torture these men and get from them information about the plots which were going on: plots on the part of the local people who had suffered greatly at the bandits' hands and wanted desperately to stop their iniquitous inroads. All this was well known, as was the fact that the bandits had an office in which they employed the cunning members of their murderous gang in manufacturing whatever evidence the circumstances required. . . . Lin-per's friends in those far-off parts were greatly inconvenienced by the bandits' actions against them and insisted that he as vizier must deal with the situation. This he proceeded to do, although he was much occupied elsewhere in building up his reputation as the saviour of the world. The upshot was that he got his advisers to tell him that the new evidence produced by the bandits was very important. Since he was nobly anxious not to embarrass the Ssu K'ou in his dangerous position and at the same time to encourage the bandits to become good men and protect his interests in those parts, he did not ask the Ssu K'ou to have a public trial and thus sift this new evidence, but decided to put the four men into the tiger's clutches.

Now Lin-per had a fellow minister, Fa Li-hua, a man of irreproachable honour, and all men wondered whether he approved. Fa Li-hua was a superior man of the old school and these events distressed him very deeply. It is said that Lin-per went to see him and told him what he had decided to do, explaining all the admirable reasons he had. Li-hua listened to him carefully and then said, "Without the people have confidence in the justice of their rulers, no State can continue. I fear that this action by Your Honour will deeply affect the people's confidence." Lin-per was ready for this, and he replied, "Surely you are exaggerating. These four men belong to a very distant part of the civilised world. They are not very estimable characters, so I am told. Why, then, should the people lose confidence in me over so small a matter?" To this Li-hua rejoined, "The grandson of the great patriot, Confucius, used to say that the distant is also the near at hand and that which is most hidden the most open to view. Why do you, therefore, regard distance as making a difference to justice? Also as your friend I cannot but be afraid that the hidden parts in this affair may have the most unexpected results and you become apparent as the doer of a shameful deed. May I tell Your Honour the story which I heard in Ch'i State? There was a man there who was known as 'the highly reputable flea.'

"The way in which this man gained this opprobrious nickname is as follows. He was a gentleman by birth, but had lost his lands and was living in the capital city. He was fond of good living and soon became dissatisfied with the food prepared by his wife and concubine. In consequence he very often went out and, when he returned later in the day, informed his wife that he had dined well, having been entertained by the wealthy nobles of the city. Since there seemed no necessity to have his friends back to dinner, the curiosity of the wife was greatly excited. Finally, one morning she rose early—as the old saying goes, 'leapt from her bed like a flea'—and secretly followed her husband. To her surprise no gentleman saluted him in the streets. He continued until he came to the suburbs, to the place much favoured by wealthy families for the burial of their dead. There several groups were engaged in sacrificing to their ancestors. The woman's husband went from one to the other and begged for the remains of the wine and rich meats which were being used. Overcome with humiliation the woman tottered back home and told the concubine of the miserable spectacle she had witnessed: 'Our good man whom all our lives we have looked up to! And now this is what he really is like!' While they wept together, the 'good man' arrived back home and walked in with his usual well-satisfied air and loftily informed them of the excellent meal with which his highly reputable friends had entertained him. News of this, of how the wife had jumped out of bed like a flea (tsao ch'i) and how the highly reputable (yiu yü) husband was really a parasite of the most shameless description, got out among the neighbours, and soon the whole city was jeering at the '*tsao yiu yü*' (the highly reputable flea).

"That is the story, and Your Honour must forgive me if I remind you of the words of the Master, 'A false halo of fame is the least of all means by which the people are changed from good to bad.' I fear that your bandit friends will not reform because of your influence, and I fear still more that, when our sovereign lord, Jan Pul, comes to know what has really been

done in his name, he and his descendants after him may only too easily find a nickname for you. You will remember how on more than one occasion you have jumped most unexpectedly and disconcertingly from one place to another in your winged chariot, and that the results, though in your own eyes highly beneficial, have seemed to many honest folk to be extremely dubious. They turn over in their minds the great principles of *Li*, those fundamental traditions of propriety and good-faith which our ancestors handed down to us. As they think on these things, the perspiration starts out upon their foreheads."

Lin-per turned and spoke of other things.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"In Good King Charles's Golden Days," at Malvern Festival

"A History Lesson in Three Scenes" has proved quite the most successful of the six plays, all of them new, which have been produced at the Malvern Festival this year. *In Good King Charles's Golden Days* is one of the If's of History; for Bernard Shaw maintains that the facts of Charles II's reign have been chronicled often enough, and that fiction has been squeezed out of those days *ad nauseam*. It is a hypothetical study depending on the "clash" of well-chosen but ill-assorted personalities. George Fox never had occasion to reprove Nell Gwynn with the remark that he "did not found the Order of Beaux but the Society of Friends." Nor did Isaac Newton ever have the opportunity of pointing out to Castlemaine that Charles could not have betrayed her a hundred thousand times, but—considering their respective ages and allowing for leap year—only one thousand one hundered and twenty times at most. It is only by giving them Shavian inspiration that they can be made to say such things. The first scene of the play is the most dynamic; it is the most full of "clashes." The second scene quietens down whilst Charles and Prince James discuss problems of kingship. But the sparks begin to fly again when Kneller, the painter, is introduced (endowed with the brains and ideas of Hogarth) and scuttles Newton's theory "that the universe is in principal rectilinear" with arguments about the line of beauty which are enough to convince his hearers of the curvature of space. The last scene takes us from Cambridge to Newmarket; and the play ends on a quiet note in Catherine of Braganza's boudoir, where Charles, the husband, discusses himself and his fellow Englishmen with his Portuguese wife. The problem of how to rule Englishmen is left unsolved; except that they should learn citizenship and the necessity of being governed. In Scene II James laments that "England is governed by its mob instead of by its King." Charles is sure that if the people were consulted Titus Oates would be their choice for a ruler.

Ernest Thesiger plays the part of the Merry Monarch at the age of about fifty, and Irene Vanburgh is Catherine—the only woman to whom he could never be unfaithful. Eileen Beldon gives us a Nell Gwynn who gets on quite well with George Fox (Herbert Lomax) and who is the most able of all to "take that gentleman's mind off his inner light." Yvonne Arnaud makes a charming Louise de Kerouaille, who comes to Isaac Newton (Cecil Trouncer) for a love potion; and Daphne Heard as the Duchess of Cleveland goes into tantrums most convincingly. The "clashes" are the best part of the play, and demonstrate that (in the hands of Mr. Shaw) if the hypothetical is often stranger than truth it is always quite as entertaining as fiction.

"Sitting Pretty," at the Princes

With Vera Pearce as a Wild (Mae) West barmaid, Sidney Howard at his ineffable best in a variety of incarnations, ranging from an incompetent policeman to an Arabian eunuch, and Arthur Riscoe as his companion in ill fortune, *Sitting Pretty* is just the thing for the tired intellectual, and if its transformations are not as rapid as those of power-politics, or its contortions not as funny as those of the leader-writers, it is bright, amusing, tuneful and pleasantly vulgar enough to be an excellent specimen of the old-fashioned musical. Mr. Howard, really, is like garlic—if you like him you can't have enough of him, and however cunningly he is disguised the unmistakeable flavour is immediately apparent. To judge between his Chinese cook and his sales-lady, or to weigh his cowboy against his eskimo is as futile as discrimination between Pelion and Ossa; one can only wonder and admire. The production as a whole is slick and competent. The chorus is pretty, brisk and very well disciplined, the minor players are pleasant if unnotable, the script is a great deal better than those we have come to expect in musical comedy and there is only one grossly sentimental interlude. The decor, unfortunately, is not inspired, and the costumes, except in the Arctic scene, notably unimaginative. But the audience didn't mind little things like that.

"Dodge City," Warners, Leicester Square

With one reservation *Dodge City* can be recommended as excellent hokum and well up to the standard of *Bengal Lancer*, the *Plainsman* and such big brassy successes of the past. The story is lightly attached to the very good true story of the westward movement of the American frontier. The film begins with blackcoated business men riding on the first train to run over a new line which has reached out to a cattle town on the old Chisholm trail, and it ends with the successful law enforcement officer moving on westwards to clean up another town. The images are romantic; the beflagged wood burning engine arrives at the terminal like a Currier and Ives print, the paunchy business men in their dark clothes stand like rocks against the lean bright-shirted pioneers, and the tight herds of cattle flow like water along the trails. After a slow start the action is fast; there is a great deal of galloping about in front of handsome landscape, of brisk dangerous shooting, there is a prolonged gunfight on a burning train and a splendid general brawl in a saloon which spreads to a prayer meeting next door. Boisterous and mindless it all goes to make an entertaining lark. The good are all handsome, charming and brave, the bad are utterly bad. Bruce Cabot is better as a villain than he used to be as a hero, Victor Jory is splendidly evil, and Miss Ann Sheridan as a piece of Victorian erotica is good fun—the representatives of virtue are a little pallid beside them. But the thing is in fuzzycolour throughout—putty coloured faces, improbable reds, and some amazingly spurious greens; and it is curious how little colour has improved since the pioneer film of George the Fifth's Durbar, the same red rims glow round brown shapes and solids between the light and the camera, a shallow depth of focus makes the clearest foregound melt rapidly into an opalescent haze. Make careful inquiries and wait in the lobby till the animated cartoon is over—it's a pseudo Donald Duck and less funny than one would think possible.

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, August 27th—
- Fabian Summer School Fourth Week. Subject: "International Affairs," Dartington Hall, Totnes.

MONDAY, August 28th—
- Opening of 26th Annual Conference of Modern Churchmen, Girton College, Cambridge. Till September 2nd.
- Buxton Drama Festival Opens.
- "Monsieur Le Troubadec in Monte Carlo," Barn Theatre, Shere.
- "Twelfth Night," Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park.

WEDNESDAY, August 30th—
- Opening of British Association Meeting, Dundee.
- J. R. Campbell: "Communist Policy for Defence of the People," Lyndale School, 67 Eton Avenue, 8.

FRIDAY, September 1st—
- British Drama League Summer Holiday Drama School, Stratford-on-Avon. Till September 11th. Particulars from 9 Fitzroy Square, W.1.
- Town and Country Planning Summer School, Bede College Durham. Till September 8th.

Correspondence

PEACE AIMS AND WAR AIMS

SIR,—I differ with deep regret from Mr. Brailsford on any occasion; but his doubts about the desirability of a statement of the terms upon which the "Peace Front" is to be organised do not seem to me well founded. I agree with him that we have passed the stages where (*a*) appeasement of either the present German or Italian Governments is possible, and (*b*) that any basis for long-term agreements with their peoples must assume a fundamental change in the character of those governments. But, agreeing with this, I still feel that what has been termed a "Peace Conference before the War" is an urgent necessity. I do so on the following grounds:

1. If we have to fight, a peace conference must follow the

conflict. There is, I think, everything to be said for making our aims clear now, when some rational degree of discussion is possible, than after a world-war when the forces of hate that have been loosed will be fatal to rational views.

2. Discussion now makes it at least possible that the voice of the Soviet Union will be heard in framing those terms. Any exclusion of the Soviet Union from a possible settlement would, in my judgment, be fatal to the possibility that it will endure.

3. Without such definition now, we confront the danger of fighting merely to preserve the *status quo ante* Hitler and Mussolini in Europe. The evidence is overwhelming that such a conflict would solve nothing.

4. It has become urgent to convince the neutral powers and, above all, the United States of America, that our aims are not merely the preservation of our imperialist interests. There is no other way I can see of recovering the ground lost by the Munich settlement.

5. Such a definition of aims, if we escape conflict this autumn, is the best way available to us of appealing beyond the German and Italian Governments to their peoples. We have to try and drive it home to them (*a*) that the attainment of a durable peace is possible without fighting, and (*b*) that the main obstacles to its attainment are Hitler and Mussolini.

6. We have to make our own Government aware that the dynamics of peace involve a willingness to confront far more profound changes than they seem at present prepared to contemplate. We require not merely disarmament and access on equal terms to raw materials. We require, also, a fundamental change in the economic relationship of states. This means the abandonment of national sovereignty which, in its turn, requires those internal adjustments within each national state the failure to make which is the real reason why national sovereignty is retained in a world where every day makes its dangers more obvious.

What is the alternative to such a discussion? It is, it seems to me, either war now, or a further instalment of "appeasement" which merely prolongs the agony of the "white war" as the inevitable prelude to world-conflict. If that conflict comes without such a discussion as you have been asking the result will be, at its end, a Carthaginian peace followed at once by social revolution in the defeated countries, and by internal economic disruption in the so-called victorious ones which will merely transfer the impact of Fascism from its present theatre of influence to a new stage. It may well be that it is already too late to prevent this catastrophe. But I still think that, if we are given a breathing-space, a world-conference of the anti-Fascist powers to define their aims would be the one chance we have of saving civilisation. It is the necessary prelude to that constructive internationalism without which there is no hope.

Mr. Brailsford may well take the view that constructive internationalism is, on the record, the last thing to be expected from this government. I share that view. But I think the best way to make our own people aware of it is to compel Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues to define the kind of world for which they will ask men, if need be, to fight. At present, they have a blank cheque which they can fill in as they will. I cannot think that Mr. Brailsford desires to continue a credit which has been so long exhausted.

HAROLD J. LASKI

Little Burdfield, Essex.

SIR,—With the policy put forward by Mr. Pollitt in your last issue I am in agreement. What puzzles me is Mr. Pollitt's reason for phrasing his agreement as an attack. The very words he uses are taken from your columns. Why does he say that your argument leads to appeasement? It was in the columns of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that I learnt to look to the Soviet alliance and the Peace Front as the way out of what you described as the Chamberlain alternative of "surrender or war." As I keep a file of your journal I have been looking up your record on the Anglo-Soviet agreement and can see nothing which Mr. Pollitt can complain of.

After Munich (not to go further back, though you had consistently demanded co-operation with Russia before that and throughout the Czech crisis) you explained in a series of articles that Mr. Chamberlain had allowed things to drift into this perilous position because he had refused to co-operate with the U.S.S.R. and refused to stop Hitler while there was still time without war. After the seizure of Prague you urged the speedy formation of a Peace Front and urged when the guarantee to Poland was given that it was a suicide pact unless there was also a full alliance with Russia. You warned us on several occasions that unless Britain quickly signed this alliance Stalin might prefer neutrality and that the greatest obstacle to the Russian alliance was the distrust the Russians felt for Mr. Chamberlain and the doubt in everyone's mind about whether the author of Munich could or would pursue with determination the policy which he had always derided. You have talked about the Soviet alliance with a persistence that has been positively boring. It amused me to notice that apart from a number of leading articles on the subject you have dealt with its progress and its urgency *on the front page* of your journal *every week* for the last four months.

Why then does Mr. Pollitt attack you? Apparently on the ground that in forming this alliance we ought also to think about what the Peace Front stands for and what we are to do about Germany apart from merely preparing for war. This seems to me sense and I wish Mr. Pollitt would tell us why he ragards it as sin.

K. J.

SIR,—Sir Arnold Wilson, in his letter published in your issue of August 19th, writes: "Even Dr. Weizmann does not claim that Palestine can take over 100,000 more Jews." Will Sir Arnold say on what he bases this extraordinary and, to my knowledge, wholly inaccurate statement?

L. B. NAMIER

15 Gloucester Walk, W.8.

ULSTER AND EIRE

SIR,—I have watched with interest the controversy which has been raging in your correspondence columns on the question of Northern Ireland, and I cannot help feeling that all your contributors have missed the real source of the trouble.

On July 28th this year the *Derry Standard*, a well-known Unionist organ in the North-West, made the following very significant statement in its editorial:

> There is less evidence of progress and certainly more of crime in areas in which the people are Republican in sympathy. Only in the poorest parts of the County of Londonderry does Republicanism rear its ugly head, and the same remark may apply to the city.

This was printed in heavy type; no remedy was suggested.

The fact, of course, is that Northern Ireland is the last refuge of that "Protestant Ascendancy" which was defeated in the rest of Ireland in the Anglo-Irish struggle of 1916–21. The old ruling class of Ireland was decisively put to rout in the Twenty-Six Counties of "Southern Ireland" by the strength of Sinn Fein. But in six counties of Ulster it was able to win a certain mass support, by basing itself on the Orange Order, and granting special privileges to the Protestant working man to the detriment of his Catholic neighbour. Whereas, therefore, in the rest of Ireland it was a clear-cut issue between oppressed farmers, peasants, workers and small business people on the one hand, and a ruling ascendancy (which happened by historical accident to be Protestant) on the other, in Northern Ireland the question has not been so clear. There the ruling ascendancy has been able to keep its power and privileges by dividing the people along religious lines.

Consequently, as the *Derry Standard* points out, progress and "loyalty" are confined to the better-off, and, though the Unionist leaders do not admit it, in order to keep power in the hands of the Northern ruling class, the Catholic or Nationalist section of the population, almost all of which is working-class or working-farmer by social status, is still further depressed.

This state of affairs cannot, however, continue indefinitely, and the Northern ruling class, in order to retain its own wealth and power, is forced by economic circumstances to alienate more and more of its own followers. Hence the costly failures of the Transport Board, the Pig Board and so on, which have hit the taxpayer and the small farmer, both Catholic and Protestant, very hard. Moreover, as the Northern Government is essentially imperialist, that is not Irish at all, it has allowed control over the economic life of N.E. Ulster to pass more and more into British hands. British dumping has ruined a number of small industries that once flourished there, a British company of which a Northern Ireland Minister is a director is gradually buying up the linen industry, the chief Northern Ireland industry. Moreover, just over a year ago, Belfast Corporation (Unionist controlled) defied the protests of local trade union branches and others, and placed an order for £59,000 worth of transport equipment, not in Northern Ireland, but in Glasgow.

No wonder, therefore, that at the last Northern Ireland election

over 43 per cent. of the votes cast were against the Government, although the press and other organs for creating public opinion are mostly on its side, although there were many abstentions, and although the opposition had neither policy nor agreement among themselves. At least 20 per cent. of the votes cast against the Northern Government must therefore have been Protestant, as only one-third of the Northern population is Catholic and so traditionally anti-Government. This is in itself a remarkable thing in an area where the Orange Order has hitherto martialled the Protestants behind the ascendancy leaders with the efficiency of a Hess or a Himmler. All that is now needed is for some body to produce a programme of economic reform, including, of course, the removal of the costly border, which would unite Catholic and Protestant against the Northern Government. Mr. de Valera has made the reasonable suggestion that the "reserved powers" (military and foreign affairs, etc.) now held in Westminster should be transferred to an all-Ireland Parliament, leaving the N.E. with its separate legislature and administration. This is an honourable compromise, but it would have to be accompanied by an onslaught on the vested interests on both sides of the border which profit by its maintenance; in short, by a radical reconstruction of the economic system of Ireland as a whole. So far no party or group has made any plans in this direction; until one does, things will go on in the old way, and exasperated Republicanism will continue to rear its head in the poorer quarters of Northern Ireland, and to plot explosions in Britain itself.

Muff, Lifford, Co. Donegal, Ireland. J. E. DE COURCY IRELAND

SIR,—Methinks Mr. St. John Ervine's apologia for the violation of the Constitution by the Ulster Parliament might be described as an e(i)rroneous statement. KERRIENSIS

PURGE AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE

SIR,—I am glad to see in your current issue Mr. Bates' correction of one of the misstatements in the article "The Purge at the Colonial Office," which you printed a fortnight earlier. There are many more. In Nyasaland, for example, there have been non-official members of the Legislature since before the war. The article contains the statement that "the ultimate goal for all these dependencies is often said to be self-government." No one in Africa dares to say so. And if the next Labour Government has the courage to adopt the preparation of the common people for self-government as the mainspring of its policy, what help would it be to give more political power to their employers, which is the concluding plea of the writer of the article?

Again, to take Nyasaland as an example. Of the 1,800 European men, women and children in the country 240 are engaged in the tobacco industry, which is a statutory monopoly. They are represented in the Legislature. They have a majority on the Tobacco Board to which the 120,000 Africans engaged in the industry must sell their crop. There is no African member either of the Legislature or of the Tobacco Board. And it is officially estimated that the average income of the 240 is just less than a thousand pounds a year and of the 120,000 just less than thirty shillings a year.

Whatever reorganisation may be needed in the Colonial Office, what is wanted in Africa is for Africans to get the rights and opportunities of free citizens. At present they are half-slave and half-free. Both our laws and the administrative practice of those whom we send to govern in Africa forbid them to own or lease land, to qualify for the franchise, to get elementary education, even, for their children. Much nonsense has lately been written about "plural" societies. The truth as regards British Africa is that small minorities of our countrymen are adding complete economic to their already complete political authority. Neither will last. The only question is whether we have the sense to begin to do justice before the storm breaks. NORMAN LEYS

Yalding, Kent.

A PLACE CALLED CARRADALE

SIR,—Mr. G. D. H. Cole's article hints at the tragedy that is now being enacted in that remote, derelict and neglected area known as the Highlands. At the fag end of the Parliamentary session the Secretary of State for Scotland told a talkative House, not at all interested, of the miserable sop the Government had given as their answer to the Report of the Scottish Economic Committee on the Highlands, which had at least hinted at a plan for the regeneration of an area one half of Scotland, rapidly becoming derelict. With all their faults no dictator, Hitler or Mussolini, would long tolerate such a state of affairs. So little, however, does out "National" Government concern itself that in another still more remote district than that Mr. Cole portrays, Moidart and Lochaber, news comes that the Post Office are withdrawing the subsidy for the mails from the Loch Shiel Steamship Company with the result that the Company will close down and the people will be cut off from any of the amenities of civilised life they may still possess. In reply to a letter to the Postmaster General protesting against this example of callousness the Post Office replied: "I am directed by the Postmaster General to State that the question of maintaining the passenger and freight services provided by the Loch Shiel Steamboat Co. is primarily one for consideration by the Scottish Office," etc. In other words the Post Office passes on the responsibility to another Government Department, knowing full well that the Scottish Office can do nothing against the Treasury, and the Treasury are not interested in the Highlands—nor apparently is anyone else.

It is true that the people still remaining in the Highlands (mainly unemployed, old age pensioners or on the dole) are getting restive, and some of the Highland Councils are protesting, but that is all that will happen.

Mr. Cole says the people are turning to Socialism. That may be so, but I am sure there will be no remedy until the Scottish people get their own government, their own parliament, control their own revenue and make their own laws. Then these things will be remedied, whether it be called Socialism or not.

JAMES FRASER,
Hon. Sec. London Branch
Scottish National Party.

LADY NOVELISTS

SIR,—May I suggest, publicly, to my old school-fellow, Cyril Joad, that he is too sensible to join in the anti-feminist game which is being played increasingly in the intellectual world just now? And does he know that his article hurt? I have an idea that he didn't mean it to; he was just being light-hearted; but if you give ever such a cheery flip to a wrist which has only lately had heavy and painful chains struck off it, then the owner of the wrist is likely to be hurt. Women have only very lately been free to compete with men in any jobs; they are not yet in any sense on an economic equality with men. In some professions they have succeeded fairly well, especially those in which the men did not organise quickly to keep them out—such as literature. This was fine in a period of expansion, but in a period of depression such as this, the men naturally want to crowd them out again. Doubtless this is part of the unpleasant functioning of the capitalist trade cycle, and would not happen under socialism—at least I am bound to hope so—but it is an obvious fact to women, though not always to men, since it is hard to see discreditable facts about oneself.

Anti-feminism only hit me and my fellow women writers (to hell with all users of the phrase lady-novelist—we do not use the much more accurate phrase gentlemen-novelist about some Public School highbrows!) fairly recently. Women doctors felt the cold wind of sex discrimination earlier. It is now extremely marked, especially among the young, and Cyril Joad should not run round throwing stones with the little boys.

As to what he says, some of it has truth in it, as all generalisations have. But it would be equally easy to write a similar article about men, though highly unprofitable, both as public policy—only the very silly want to encourage sex antagonism—and also because such an article would probably not get published, things being what they are. A novelist's job is to write about people; it is in people's minds that ideas occur—or is it that women cannot appreciate the Platonic gentlemen's suggestion that ideas just float around on their own? It is through people that historical events occur; an occasional book may be written about an earthquake in an uninhabited desert, but are such things the stuff of fiction?

May I also remind Cyril Joad that I kept out of this controversy at first. I am no masochist and I am a sufficiently old hand to know that, sooner or later—probably as soon as I have a new book out—this letter will be remembered against me by those men (or should it be gentlemen?) who want to remove women from economic competition with themselves. Perhaps with the increase of Fascism, under whatever name it goes, in this country, these men will succeed as thoroughly as they have done in Germany.

NAOMI MITCHISON

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

HERE'S a book to make us laugh, and to appal. It comes very appropriately in the thick of Hitler week. *Nazi Nuggets*, edited by Clara Leiser (Gollancz, 3*s.* 6*d.*), is a *sottisier* of Nazi Germany, and though not the first, it is much the best and funniest. "That Germany" differs from "This England" in the fact that ordinary human stupidity has disappeared under an avalanche of official doctrine so imbecile that it is hard to find an historical parallel. The mythology of Nazidom beats anything dotty one can hear in Hyde Park, beats Father Divine, holy rolling and all other queer beliefs put together. In the new creation Nordic man, of course, stands supreme. "The non-Nordic man occupies an intermediate position between the Nordics and the animals, next to the anthropoid ape. He is not a complete man. He is really no man at all in true contradistinction to animals, but a transition, an intermediary stage. Therefore apt for him is the appellation sub-human." This comes from a book called *The New Basis of Racial Research* by Hermann Gauch, and the author goes on to meet possible objections in a most business-like way. "If non-Nordics are more closely allied to monkeys and apes than to Nordics, why is it possible for them to mate with Nordics and not with apes? The answer is this: It has not been proved that non-Nordics cannot mate with apes." Herr Gauch gives a list of signs by which Nordic can be distinguished from non-Nordic. Only if you are light-haired, it seems, can you masticate with your mouth closed; other men (or sub-men) make smacking noises like animals. The Nordic when talking "stands calmly, often enough with his hands in his pockets," while "talking with the hands and feet is characteristic of non-Nordics." (Is this a hit at Italian partners in the Axis?) And mouths were made for other things besides eating and talking.

> The Nordic mouth has further superiorities. Just as the colour red has a stirring effect, the bright red mouth of Nordics attracts and provokes kisses and courtship. The Nordic mouth is kiss-capable.

Other writers fill out the picture. The Nordic man has one soul while you or I have two (and are therefore undecided); loves quiet colours, will "occasionally wear a red tie but never an orange-yellow"; emits "sounds of an untroubled clearness," whereas you or I bark, snore, snuffle and squeak. Who wouldn't be a Nordic! Hitler despite his black locks is one—an honorary Nordic, perhaps. Shakespeare was one ("we regard his Nordic delineation of the world as a German classic"). Jesus was one, in the now famous phrase, "Aryan on both parents' sides."

* * *

Here is the Nazi slant on a number of things. Address to movie fans:

> Blond, free-minded youths of Germany on the leading strings of Jewish finance! Youth, where is thy pride? Mickey Mouse is the most miserable ideal ever revealed. Mickey Mouse is a Young Plan medicine to promote weakness. Healthy emotions tell every independent young man and every honourable youth that the dirty and filth-covered vermin, the greatest bacteria carrier in the animal kingdom, cannot be the ideal type of animal.

Revive Felix the Cat? Animals play an important part in the new paganism.

> German wild life, like the entire German nation, had during the time before National Socialism become inwardly betrayed and uprooted. That, too, the new epoch has given back a soul. To be sure concentration camps for misbehaving deer and for rabbits that are not racially pure have not yet been arranged, so that our wild life has not yet reached the heights of its National Socialistic human colleagues.

We might suspect this of parody if we did not know already about the Aryanisation of cows and hens: cows bought from Jews must be sequestered and "kept under observation for a year."

It would be difficult to find any ordinary human activity not capable of being transformed by the zeal of these propagandists. "Eat National Socialist" is one of the slogans of the Nazi Health Bureau; and not only butter must be sacrificed to guns.

> If higher interests demand the disappearance of the Wiener Schnitzel then what I say is—let the Wiener Schnitzel go to the devil. —Nazi Commissioner Josef Buerckel.
>
> Lemon, we need thee no longer. Our good old German rhubarb will take your place. . . .

Religious notes:

> I know that manna does not drop from heaven. In fact, I believe that this is a typical Bolshevist Jewish trick.—Dr. Robert Ley.
>
> P.S.—The Pope is a Jew whose real name is Lippmann.
>
> The Nazi party has been proved to have better relations with the Lord in heaven than had the Christian parties which disappeared.

Science:

> Vaccination, i.e., artificially making the healthy sick, as a supposed preventive of disease, is a shameful blot on the escutcheon of German science. The tracing of almost all diseases to bacteria, whose entrance into the body we can do nothing to prevent, is a serious scientific error. Many chemical products are fiendish devices perfected by Jewish industrialists seeking to weaken the blond race.

Literary criticism:

> There is no place for Heinrich Heine in any collection of works of German poets. . . . Our discovery of Heine's name in the programme of the academy was like a dash of cold water in the face.

* * *

Not all the lunacies collected by Clara Leiser are funny. "We are not and do not want to be the land of Goethe and Einstein" strikes us as tragically true. And the ravings against Jews and foreigners are accompanied by lies of staggering simplicity. Whether Hitler's boast that under dictatorship the biggest lies are the most successful will ultimately prove correct remains to be seen. He has stated at various times that no Jew has ever been injured in Germany, that there have been no shootings or purges; and at other times boasted the exact opposite. Everything under his control is openly directed towards war and the glorification of war: in the same breath he talks of peace and his followers compare him (favourably, of course) to Jesus Christ. Such contradictions must be apparent even to hypnotised admirers who exalt force as he does. Whom, then, is the smoke-screen of "peace" intended to deceive? What are the feelings of the average young married couple to whom a copy of *Mein Kampf* is handed like a Bible? (If indeed they go so far as to open it.) Hitler has made some startling advances in tyranny on Macchiavelli. He *can* apparently, without loss of prestige, achieve such turnabouts as his inclusion of Czechs in the German Reich, and his non-aggression pact with U.S.S.R.: both contradictions of cardinal points in his doctrine. One thing, like most tyrants, he has been unable to allow for: a way out, if things begin to go wrong.

* * *

Nazi Nuggets is too horrifying in its facts and implications to be classed as a funny book. Two books, however, appear at the same time which are funny without qualification. Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's *Uncle Fred in the Springtime* (Herbert Jenkins, 7*s.* 6*d.*), another fairy-tale of the Drones, I have not read; it will be reviewed later in these pages; I merely note its appearance for those who will find it at the moment a good diversion. The second book is Mr. Hilaire Belloc's *Cautionary Verses* (Duckworth, 6*s.*). It contains, apparently, all his humorous verse, including a long poem, *The Modern Traveller*, which has been out of print for some time. My favourite is still "Lord Lundy," with its death-bed curse, "Go out and govern New South Wales!" though the whole volume is excellent. Achievement in this sort of light writing, the adult nursery rhyme, specklessly ironic (Belloc manages it to perfection), is comparatively modern. How far back could it be traced in literature? I can think of no one before Lewis Carroll, though at times Wordsworth almost hit on it by mistake.

G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS

Jonathan North. By J. L. HODSON. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Gentleman of Stratford. By JOHN BROPHY. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
To See Ourselves. By ARTHUR PENDERSON and RACHAEL FIELD. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Blossom Like the Rose. By NORAH LOFTS. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The success-story is a fairly recent literary fashion. Reversals of fortune, it is true, have long proved a popular theme, and the rise of swineherds, the fall of princes or the magical triumphs of an Aladdin are nearly as old as narrative itself. But in most of these tales the developments are catastrophic, and although the peasant's son may undergo several epic's-worth of hardship before winning a throne there is no steady progress about it: the hero leaps or knocks down walls, but never has to scramble up them inch by laborious inch. It is not until the nineteenth century that success accumulates by compound interest and we are made to mark every particular milestone between log cabin and White House.

Jonathan North is a specimen of this genre in its purest form. Jonty is the son of a miner who can worry live rats with his teeth, and if we are not actually shown the eagles dropping glory on to his cradle, we have only to see the boy organising a cough-lozenge ring or making friends with the pit-manager's daughter to hear the beating of their wings. Jonty's progress is loud and rapid. He sells ice-cream on commission, buys a check suit, goes into shady business, pulls off several of those remarkable coups that are so easy to devise and so hard to practise, becomes a capitalist, fights in the war, becomes a bigger capitalist, joins the hunger-marchers and fights for free speech, becomes a still bigger capitalist, and drives off into the sunset with (did you guess?) the pit-manager's daughter at his side. He never has a serious set-back, and as he rises higher and higher his business methods become purer and purer, until one can scarcely believe that this good old fighter for freedom is the same man who used to cheat working-class families by fraudulent hire-purchase schemes. Yet if Mr. Hodson's plot is in itself a cliché his treatment has the colour and energy such a theme demands. He has realised that anything sufficiently large becomes heroic, and Jonty is so much more loutish, insolent, conceited and dishonest than anyone else that his exploits take on an almost epic quality, until even his bad manners acquire the inoffensive grandeur of a volcanic eruption. Unfortunately, Mr. Hodson wants the courage of his character and gradually mellows Jonty into a well-meaning liberal demoplutocrat with an endearing northern accent. We are introduced to a vulgar, self-centred and ruthless careerist, asked to shut our eyes for ten years, and then open them to find an honest old buffer with a contempt for money and a love of the workers he spent his youth despising. The truth, I suspect, is that Mr. Hodson felt that while there is nothing really unpleasant in a poor young man cheating a Victorian town-council, we should hardly feel the same about an aged millionaire cheating the Government. It is noticeable, for instance, that while the petty thieving of the younger Jonty is described in detail we are not told at what period in his life, or for what reason, he became honest. I am quite sure that while Jonty was trudging with the hunger marchers and backing Labour M.P.s he was also engaged in cheating the income-tax. Jonty young is a smart lad making good; the same man old and rich would be a reactionary monster doing bad. Torn between realism and hero-worship, Mr. Hodson has chosen the latter, and Jonty ceases to be interesting as soon as he begins to be powerful. Freed from sentimentalism, *Jonathan North* might have had a tragic grandiosity. Instead, it has an impressive beginning petering into the weakest of anticlimax.

Gentleman of Stratford is also a success-story, and although Will does not do quite as well as Jonty, this is hardly to be expected, since he is here shown as possessing no obvious talents, not even the gift of the gab. Mr. Brophy, after more than ten years' consideration, has set out to give a detailed fictional biography of Shakespeare that, although imaginative, shall not conflict with any established facts about the Bard. To this end he has steeped himself in Elizabethan literature, and *Five Elizabethan Tragedies* (World's Classics), *The Poems of John Donne* (Everyman Library), and a volume of Dover Wilson jostle each other in his two-page bibliography. Shakespeare, he believes, was a man before he was a poet (though not, however, a man's man: "the sonnet beginning Two Loves Have I is sometimes used to reinforce the homo-sexuality argument. In my story I make Shakespeare foresee this deduction and repudiate it"), and much of his work was the outcome of "sensual passion, complicated by a bout of sex-nausea." But Mr. Brophy, though at his best with Will the lover, is quite at home with the poet. Even at the age of eighteen Shakespeare is already the Swan of Avon.

> "Mistress Anne, we have been the hapless victims in a comedy of errors. The mists have had their sport with us, but look! Already the sun gilds them. The day is up at last. The vapours are in rout, like ghosts at cockcrow. The pride of summer will soon be here, all hot with victory, to salute you."
>
> "I had heard you were a poet, good sir."

Throughout the book such a standard is almost constantly maintained. *Gentleman of Stratford* does its best. Will meets Florio, Donne and Greene; we see him at the Mermaid, watch the first performance of *Hamlet* with him, and hear him leave his beloved wife the famous second-best bed—though for the purest and most sentimental reasons. Mr. Brophy is at pains to colour his period background, and bravely faces maggots, lust, stench and throat-slitting in the cause of verisimilitude. But the title of the book is all too apt: its hero is merely a gentleman from Stratford, and even his habit of quoting Shakespeare at great length cannot make him other than a dull little fellow with a penchant for purple phrases. Such a novel might have been written by Lytton, could have been forged by Ireland, but should not have been seriously attempted by anyone who was not more than a little of a genius.

Do you like,

> hard, firm little breasts,
> typewriters and cars with funny christian names,
> ecstatically wriggling black objects (dogs) that snuggle up to you and lick your face,
> crazy little heads full of the sweetest, silliest ideas,
> jokes about double beds,
> simply *darling* old couples?

You do? Then you'll enjoy *To See Ourselves*, for it's all about Ham and Dora and how they take their dog and car and typewriter to Hollywood so that Ham can become a writer. Ham's the clever one, of course, but Dora can say terribly amusing things too:

> "People are mostly so nice, Ham, especially people who do things with their hands. Have you noticed it?"
>
> "I know. Maybe I ought to go into a filling station instead of trying to write."
>
> "You write with your hands, don't you?"

YOUR PENSION
THEIR SAFEGUARD

- Income for those who are dependent upon you in the event of your death before retirement.
- Income for you for the rest of your life from age 60 or 65.

Obtain particulars of the "Pension Safeguard" policy — moderate in cost but comprehensive in protection. Ask for prospectus.

LEGAL & GENERAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY LTD

Head Office: 10 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4
General Manager: Vernon E. Boys
Established 1836 Assets £47,000,000
Branches & Agencies throughout the World

Unfortunately, though everyone's *terribly* nice, Ham doesn't get his studio job but gets boiled instead, and Dora cries, and Midgie snuggles up and licks her hand. But this is a *happy* book, so we know it's all going to turn out all right in the end. And so it does. The style and the blurb of *To See Ourselves* suggest that it is autobiographical in substance. If this is really so it is a piece of superbly frank and revealing self-abnegation. But in any event I think Miss Field would do better to stick to historical best-sellers.

Blossom Like the Rose is a curious story of seventeenth-century England and America. The crippled son of a lusty squire falls in hopeless love and emigrates to New England with a party of Puritan settlers. There are religious conflicts in the community, fighting with Indians and varied emotional troubles. But none of the unities are strongly represented, and the completed novel reads like the prologue of some vast tragedy that never begins. In some respects Miss Lofts has no sense of period, and is often guilty of such enormities as :

> We've had the most *awful* Indian raid. . . . Of course we were practically helpless. They'd got several guns and quite a lot of them were mounted, and the rest had bows and arrows or bloody great tomahawks. It was pretty awful, Mr. Ollenshaw.

But if her characters are not true to their age and would fit equally ill into any other, they are yet presented with a curious power and vitality. This is not a good novel—it gives the impression of being careless or unfinished and is full of grotesque anachronisms. But, like its predecessor, it has a flavour distinctively its own, and I shall not be surprised if Miss Lofts gives it a rather remarkable successor.

JOHN MAIR

CHRISTIAN MARXISM

The Defence of Democracy. By J. MIDDLETON MURRY *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In the course of his able, original and difficult book, Mr. Middleton Murry quotes an admirable passage from George Fox. " He said of one who opposed him, and whom he convinced ; he was nothing but a notionist and not in possession of what he talked of." Mr. Murry's book is worth the trouble it takes to read, because he is not a notionist but genuinely in possession of what he talks. His religion is real to him. He has read Marx with discrimination and understanding before criticising him ; he is at his most interesting when he analyses Marx's passage about man being " the ensemble of social relations." He holds that Marx was largely but not wholly right. As a Christian, he believes that Marx omits an essential part of the individual which is not the product of environment, but which can transcend it. He emphasises the truth that the individual cannot cut himself out of the society in which he lives and believes that Marx went through something like a religious experience when he broke away from the individualism of his day and saw that the individual must be part of the collective whole. " We have no sympathy with those who react to Marx's disturbing declaration that the human essence is the ensemble of social relations with pious horror as a piece of atheism. It will be time for them to pronounce whether or not it is atheistic when they have perceived the truth of it in their hearts. The reason they recoil from it is not because it is atheistic, but because its truth is intolerable."

The early part of Mr. Murry's book is largely devoted to showing how far on many points Marx was right and how far in his view his followers in recent times have failed to re-interpret him correctly in the light of the experience of the last fifty years. The proletariat of whom Marx wrote had nothing to lose but their chains ; they were without property or political power. But in Mr. Murry's view the proletariat has ceased to exist in a modern democracy where the franchise is general and where Trade Unionism and control over property have altered the distribution of wealth and power. He does not, I think, fairly analyse the central Marxist question of whether political rights have really changed the substance of economic power so that the Socialism which he wants can be obtained by gradual means. But he makes a correct point when he urges that in every country where the ruling class has been wise enough to give the workers the political franchise and has made property rights to some extent amenable to public control, there the workers have become increasingly bourgeois in their outlook, and less inclined for a proletarian revolution. That after all is inevitable on the theory of economic determinism. It is certainly the great lesson of our day that in Germany, where all the conditions for revolution were found, the result was National Socialism and not Communism. To reduce the middle classes to the economic position of wage-earners and to have great Trade Unions with a vested interest in the preservation of capitalism may produce a bourgeois and not a proletarian revolution. Mr. Murry argues correctly, I think, that what Marx proved was the inevitability of a collective economy of some sort, and not at all the inevitability of Communism. He believes that in England Socialists have lost their chance as they have become less interested in the ethical attack on capitalism, which in the early days of Socialism gave it religious force as the creed of emancipation and social equality. The English Marxists of to-day are, he thinks, quite out of touch with the real nature and the real desires of the British working-classes. " Scientific Socialism," by emphasising an inevitable economic development and insisting on the dictatorship of the proletariat may, in his view, be bringing National Socialism rather than Communism.

This is an inadequate summary of a few points in a complicated argument. It will suffice to give an idea of Mr. Murry's approach. He is a Christian Communist who believes that Socialism will only come through individuals who believe in it for moral as well as economic reasons. Above all, he sees the complete destruction of the moral values in a society concentrated upon war and the approach to war. The latter part of his book is devoted to the thesis that to obtain Socialism we must be Socialists in our individual lives, working in community with other Socialists. Mr. Murry appears to me to have a pathetic belief in the Anglican Church as a possible centre of a revived Socialist movement. If it is argued that this is only an escape from the grim realities in which we live, Mr. Murry may answer that he is not escaping, since he has shown that there can be no escape from the collective whole, but that it is only by making the collective whole good that men can live good lives. True enough, but I find no hope in the institutions of social transformation which he has chosen.

TOM PAINE

A STUDY IN PROMISE

A Poet in Parliament : The Life of Winthrop Mackworth Praed, 1802-1839. By DEREK HUDSON. *Murray.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In 1830, when news came that " the Whigs had put Macaulay in at last," an acquaintance assured Macaulay's Cambridge friend, Winthrop Mackworth Praed, that now he himself was certain to receive overtures from representatives of the Opposition. By their contemporaries the two men were considered an equal match, equally accomplished, equally eloquent ; but in personality they could hardly have been more unlike. Macaulay (of whom it was once said that he " not only overflowed with learning, but stood in the slop ") had all the energy and something of the vulgarity of a born careerist. Praed's was a more debile but a more delicate spirit, nervous and exacting, proud yet diffident. Physically and spiritually, his build was graceful. Portraits show a long charming face, which tapers from a high noble forehead and prominent cheekbones to a sharp, narrow, sensitively moulded chin. Eyes, large for the face and very bright, suggest the first ravages of consumption, which eventually carried him off at the age of thirty-six. But his life was neither invalidish nor inactive. Though he had immense facility, a quick wit and great social charm, Praed never succumbed to dilettantism, and did not spare himself in the pursuit of what he considered to be his public duty. True, his political opinions seem nowadays unsympathetic. At an early period distinguished by his Radical bias, he gradually swung across to a moderate conservatism and, in 1830, opposed Reform. Perhaps he was too sceptical to make a politician—too apt to see both sides of the question at issue : consequently prone to retreat into a scholarly compromise. But he earned the admiration and respect of reformers and die-hards.

Round this life, in which there was so much promise, so much intelligence and brightness, but—disease intervening—so little real fulfilment, Mr. Derek Hudson has woven an agreeable book. Already a conspicuous figure at Eton, Praed " for the personal interest he excited, was to the University what Byron was to the world." On leaving Cambridge, he took to the law (which he found a dull and unremunerative profession) and finally allowed himself to be put up as a Tory candidate. In the House of Commons he made a definite, if not a lasting, mark. To-day, however, such claims to celebrity as he still possesses are founded not on his parliamentary gifts, not on his reputation as a scholar and talker, but on his extraordinary knack of occasional versifying. There is no doubt that the world would be a happier place if

Better Motoring for 1940 . . yet PRICES DOWN

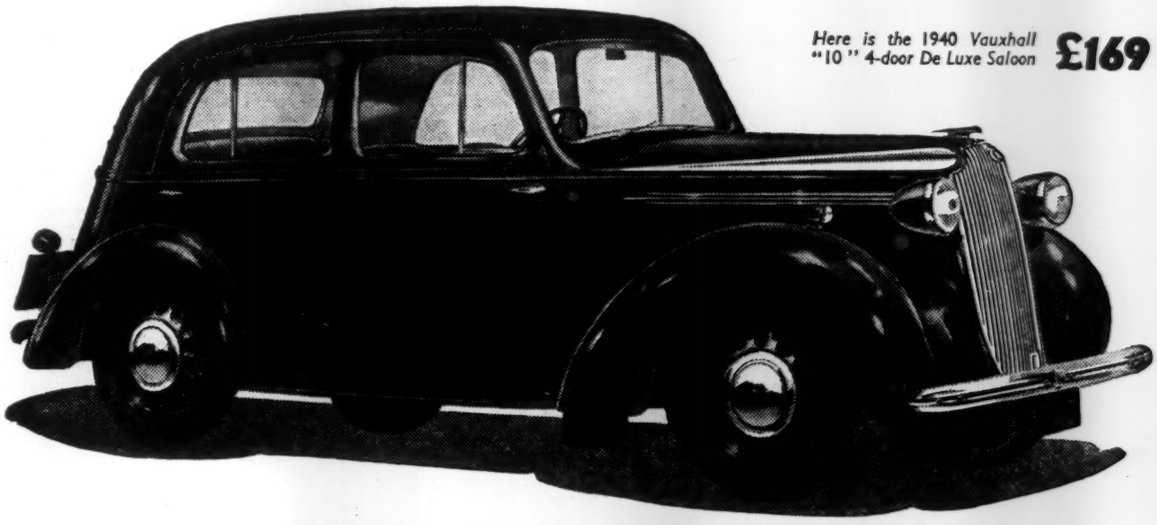
		FROM
10 h.p.	***The Roomiest "Ten" you can buy.*** Wider; longer; smarter; 60 m.p.h. 40 m.p.g. with normal driving.	**£159**
12 h.p.	***Best "Twelve" — Lowest Price.*** Incomparable value; smarter frontal appearance; more room. 65 m.p.h., 35 m.p.g. with normal driving.	**£185**
14 h.p.	***Most Famous "Fourteen" in the World.*** Much more luxurious interior. 70 m.p.h. 30 m.p.g. with normal driving.	**£220**
25 h.p.	***Built to meet World Competition.*** Extremely luxurious finish and appointments. 80 m.p.h., 20 m.p.g. with normal driving.	**£330**

Every Vauxhall combines all these seven practical features. **1.** ***ECONOMY*** Low purchase price, 20% more m.p.g. Low maintenance costs. **2.** ***OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE.*** High average speed, smooth O.H.V. power output. **3.** ***THE SMOOTHEST RIDE ON WHEELS.*** Vauxhall Independent Suspension smooths all roads. **4.** ***REAL DRIVING EASE.*** Good vision, handy effortless controls. Controlled Synchro-mesh gear change. **5.** ***CONSTANT SAFETY.*** Powerful Hydraulic brakes. Great strength and rigidity with integral body construction on latest models. **6.** ***ROOMY COMFORT.*** Generous seating room and luggage space. **7.** ***QUIETNESS.*** Moving parts are really silent; sound further dampened by body insulation.

Despite big price reductions, Vauxhall cars have been still further improved for 1940.

Always, motorists have approved the Vauxhall policy of providing better motoring for less money. Now, with lower prices and *low running costs*, you can save *more* than the new extra tax whatever Vauxhall model you choose. Your motoring will be more enjoyable, more economical than ever.

Every Vauxhall is distinctively modern in appearance, outstanding in performance, safe, roomy and delightful to drive. Reliability is assured and maintenance costs are really low. *Only* Vauxhall can give you such value. *Your nearest Vauxhall dealer can give immediate delivery.* Ask him for catalogues and a trial run. Let a ride decide. Vauxhall Motors Limited, Luton, Beds.



Here is the 1940 Vauxhall "10" 4-door De Luxe Saloon **£169**

Only VAUXHALL can give you such VALUE

DUCKWORTH BOOKS

JESUS—A BIOGRAPHY

Hugh J. Schonfield's new life of Christ is an honest and controversial attempt to clear the dust of ages off the true picture of Christ. "He has determined to conduct a purely scientific approach to his great subject. In a sense, he has succeeded in the difficult attempt. He does not hesitate to say things here and there which believers will find startling, even painful. But there is no desire to wound, or for anything except the truth. And yet he is passionately enthusiastic. He excels in painting fresh pictures."—The Dean of Exeter (*Sunday Times*). 8*s.* 6*d.* net

DANISH DELIGHT

Monica Redlich's finely illustrated amusing book on one of the last truly civilised countries in Europe. 8*s.* 6*d.* net

CAUTIONARY VERSES

The first collected volume of Hilaire Belloc's humorous poems. Have a bright holiday with this in your pocket! 6*s.* net

3 Henrietta Street London W.C. 2

In The Press

MY CAMPAIGN FOR HUNGARY

The first full account of a romantic interlude in the history of post-war Europe

by

Viscount Rothermere

Author of "Warnings and Predictions"

★

Of all Booksellers and Bookstalls

5/- Net

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

bad earnest poets were less numerous and really good versifiers more often met with. The art of occasional verse-writing has almost vanished. Praed was entirely innocent of poetic genius; but he had a brilliant instinctive flair for casual rhyming; and much of his work in this field has a permanent value.

That is to say, it still retains its freshness and lightness. Praed combined an eighteenth-century sparkle with a sense of fun that belongs to a more modern age and some touches of the fantasy and exuberance that distinguish Lear. At his best—as in the epitaph on George IV, published during the monarch's lifetime—he managed his verses with masterly humour. What better description could be found of that muddle-headed, half-demented but not entirely inestimable monarch?

> In peace he was intensely gay,
> And indefatigably busy,
> Preparing gewgaws every day,
> And shows, to make his subjects dizzy;
> And hearing the reports of guns,
> And signing the reports of gaolers,
> And making up receipts for buns
> And patterns for the army tailors.
>
> And building carriages and boats
> And streets and chapels and pavilions,
> And regulating all the coats
> And all the principles of millions,
> And drinking homilies and gin,
> And chewing pork and adulation,
> And looking backward upon sin,
> And looking forwards to salvation.
>
> * * *
>
> . . . The ladies say who laid him out,
> And earned thereby the usual pensions,
> They never wreathed a shroud about
> A corpse of more genteel dimensions.

Hardly less good, though easier and more sentimental, are such productions as *A Letter of Advice*—from one young girl to another on the choice of a husband—or *Good Night to the Season*, written in 1827, when Praed was still a dandy and frequenter of ballrooms, with the nostalgic Swinburnian music of its closing lines.

Mr. Hudson does full justice to his subject's talents. Of his personal life it is more difficult to write convincingly; for, though his life was busy, it was not dramatic and, if Praed was passionate, he was also discreet. The chief emotional crisis of his existence seems to have occurred when a sister to whom he was devoted and in whom he had always confided did her best to prevent his marriage to an extremely pretty young woman with whom he was very much in love. Praed was sensible enough to insist on his own way; and his short married life proved unusually happy. He died while his happiness was still unimpaired. Had he lived he might have become a Victorian Cabinet Minister; his Toryism might have hardened, his mind have coarsened. But, like Keats's shepherd, he remains perpetually young and perpetually promising.

PETER QUENNELL

MORE KILVERT

Kilvert's Diary. Chosen, edited and introduced by WILLIAM PLOMER. Vol. II. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

How pleasant, the reader of Kilvert must feel, to be a country parson in the eighteen-seventies! A couple of services on Sundays, a little "villaging," that is visiting the sick and the aged on weekdays, and then with a good conscience he could abandon himself to croquet, archery, *tableaux vivants* and dancing. Sometimes, of course, the parishioners misbehaved: a poaching-affray, a faction-fight between two villages with the women pulling out the men's whiskers, or a woman requiring to be churched only three months after her wedding. The Bishop, again, because the church was choked with high pews, might make a "coil" about a Confirmation. But even ecclesiastical duties brought gaieties in their train, such as helping the ladies to embellish the church for Harvest Festival, putting up magnificent desk-hangings, violet flannel covered with beautifully worked designs in corn, and banners of green baize with white raised tapioca crosses. Kilvert had an enviable appetite for all social pleasures: having three guests to dinner, he gave them soup, roast leg of mutton, two boiled chickens and bacon, a brace of pheasants, an apple-pie and an apricot-jam tart. "It was wonderful," he writes of a lecture on the German Empire that lasted for two and a

half hours. And then the dancing: "Madder and madder screamed the flying fiddle bows. Sir Roger became a wild romp till the fiddles suddenly stopped dead and there was a scream of laughter. Oh, it was such fun and Francie Rooke was brilliant. When shall I have another such partner as Francie Rooke?"

Kilvert was a natural conservative: Newman, Darwin, Frederick Maurice, men who were troubling the conscience of so many of his fellows, are never mentioned. Indeed the Diary gives the impression of having been written in the twenties rather than the seventies. He was a passionate admirer of Wordsworth and Burns, but the poet Barnes and Frances Parthenope Verney (Florence Nightingale's sister) are almost the only contemporary writers that he mentions. He is interested in old customs and country phrases. Gussena and Abiasula are among the Christian names he mentions, and his own grandmother was called Thermuthis. A villager tells him that three Cardiganshire women used to pass by the house every March walking to London to weed gardens; another remembers a church where the choir sat upon the altar and played the drum. An Archdeacon, he records, asked how often Holy Communion was administered. The clerk at first was bewildered, then "Aw," he blurted out, "Aw, we do never have he. We've got no tackling":

> My mother says that at Dursley in Gloucestershire, when ladies and gentlemen used to go out to dinner together on dark nights, the gentlemen pulled out the tail of their shirts and walked before to show the way and light the ladies. These were called "Dursley Lanterns."

Apart from many such pretty details here excavated from oblivion, Kilvert's simplicity or directness has a particular fascination. "A red cow with a foolish white face came up to the window by the desk and stared in while I was preaching." "Mrs. Drew has indistinct notions about ferrets and asked if they were animals." The Vicar of Skelty "has for some unknown reason taken the name of Bolney, because he disliked the name of Brown. I think while I was about it I would have taken a better name than Bolney, which does not seem to me a lot better than Brown." When he leaves his Radnorshire curacy to work under his father near Chippenham there is great grief among his Welsh flock: "What is it? What is it?" he writes, "What do they all mean? It is a strange and beautiful gift, this power of stealing hearts and exciting such love." His power of stealing hearts was intimately connected, I suspect, with the innocency that shows in his recording of the fact—he was a limpid, transparently good man. In this volume he falls in love with Daisy Thomas, but his financial prospects are poor, and her father forbids a declaration: Kilvert is heartbroken, but soon recovers his appreciation of other charms. As Mr. Plomer says, "his susceptibility to feminine beauty, the younger the better, seems to increase with the passing of time." There is no further sign of the disquieting interest he at one time showed in the castigation of little girls, but the "showers of kisses" are incessant. "My little darling, Polly Sackville," Boosie Evans "a caress and a kiss brought a sunny delighted smile rippling over her fair, sweet face," "Lucretia and I had a splendid romp," "Florence, Florence Hill, sweet Florence Hill, is it you? Once more. Thank God. Once more. My darling, my darling." Kilvert appears to be often on the verge of irretrievable disaster, but only once does he show any consciousness of his danger. He meets an Irish girl in the train:

> Our eyes met again and again. Her eyes grew more and more beautiful. My eyes were fixed and riveted on hers. A few moments more and I know not what might have happened. A wild reckless feeling came over me. Shall I leave all and follow her? No—Yes—No. At that moment the train moved on.

Except when recording his amorous agitations, Kilvert takes great trouble with his prose—indeed his descriptions of Nature smell sometimes of the lamp. He fancied himself as a writer, and wanted to publish a volume of his poems. His favourite epithet is "wild." He has a sensitive eye for figures in a landscape, often reminding us of the Wordsworths. He catches beautifully a squirrel rushing through a brook in a shower of spray, a girl in deep mourning walking with a bold handsome artilleryman, "the gleaning children coming home at the edge of the night with great hurdles of leased wheat poised on their heads, drooping over and hiding their faces." He gives a brilliant account of visiting the Cheddar Caves under the guidance of a "ghastly old man, with jaws bandaged white like a corpse and an enormous nose," who gave the names of the various calcareous formations, "Call that, a turtle," "Call that, the parson's legs," "Call that, an alligator," "Call that, the heart of a man." And here is the ruined church of Llanpionel:

LONDON BANK CLERK HOARDS GOLD IN SECRET DRAWER

It's the rich gold of the blazing tropic sunshine—that's what you get in every ¼ lb. block of Cadbury's Bournville Chocolate

A MAN can't take chances with his private store of Cadbury's Bournville Chocolate! Let's face it, this grand sunshine chocolate is a secret vice with six men out of ten. And a very good vice, too. Bournville Chocolate is rich in iron and other valuable minerals. It contains *extra* supplies of carbohydrates for quick energy, and the sunshine Vitamin 'D.' The sunshine in Bournville bucks you up—you can taste it at the very first bite. **2oz. 2d.** at your nearest sweetshop. Look for the famous red packet.

HERE'S THE SECRET OF THAT FAMOUS CHOCOLATE FLAVOUR

You can taste the real chocolate flavour in Bournville. That's because Cadbury's use only the finest beans, and blend them according to a secret recipe that gives the full flavour to the chocolate. Men particularly like this exclusive flavour. Ask for Bournville. If you prefer you can buy it blended with Fruit or Fruit and Nut. Luscious little nuggets of taste embedded in the rich chocolate—and extra nourishment too!

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE *Plain Flavour* **CHOCOLATE**

'Every Man's Secret Vice'

MADE AT BOURNVILLE, THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

The place was utterly deserted, there was not a sound. But through the ruined windows I could see the white tents of the flower show in the valley beneath. I ascended the tall rickety pulpit and several white owls, disturbed from their day sleep, floated silently under the crazy Rood Loft on their broad downy wings to take refuge with a graceful sweep of their broad white pinions in the ancient yew that kept watch over the Church. It was a place for owls to dwell in and for satyrs to dance in.

Kilvert manages the transition from the flower show to the scriptural satyrs with highly professional skill; for, as well as a good and peculiar man, he is indeed an artful writer. By presenting him to us Mr. Plomer has earned our gratitude and that of posterity.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

"NATIONAL" CAPITALISM

"National" Capitalism. By ERNEST DAVIES. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Ernest Davies' book is of great value. It establishes with concrete and up-to-date evidence the connection in the case of one great capitalist democracy, Britain, between a reactionary Government and the ever-growing private industrial monopolies. This connection is of vast political importance. When industrial units were small and many, their managers and owners wanted free competition, free trade, and free criticism of competitors in press and Parliament. Now technical progress and the passage of time have produced, and are producing, enormous monopoly combines and price rings in industry after industry.

The process has been accelerated, as Mr. Davies points out, since the "National" Government first emerged in 1931. The combines, unlike their competitive predecessors, want tariffs, compulsory price-fixing powers, secrecy and immunity from criticism in press and Parliament, privileged markets abroad and the suppression of Trade Unions. Your great industrialist to-day spends his time talking to Government departments and relegates to his managing director the job of running the business. Since 1931 the head office of one industrial organisation after another has appeared, not in the City, but in Tothill Street or Broadway, Westminster, where Parliament, Whitehall and Downing Street are only a few minutes' walk away. The same underlying tendency in other countries has naturally made for Fascism and the "Corporative State."

Our great industrial monopolies essentially want to-day (1) protection against imports and effective powers of fixing prices and suppressing internal competitors, without State supervision or consumer representation; or if that fails, (2) a Government subsidy; and as a last resort (3) the sale of the combine to the State at an extortionately uneconomic price, under the guise of "nationalisation." The battle cries of the monopolist are "reorganisation," "co-ordination," "planning," or—if circumstances seem appropriate—"Socialism." There is one thing common to every branch of the story. The shareholders come out richer than they went in.

Mr. Davies appropriately starts with steel—the dominant industrial giant in every country, and in Britain the traditional livelihood of both the Baldwin and Chamberlain families. At the beginning of 1932 the steel industry was granted a 33⅓ per cent. tariff for three months, during which its plan of "reorganisation" was to be prepared. At the end of the three months another three months' temporary protection was granted; and at the end of that period there was another extension for two years. When finally at the beginning of 1934 the plan for "reorganisation" came forward, it was found to consist of a scheme for monopoly price-fixing powers controlled by the industry itself. And so the Iron and Steel Federation was born. The only change visible to the public eye in the industry since then is that prices have been raised 30 or 40 per cent., and that profits have increased four or five-fold. Rearmament was added as a further present to the industry after 1935, and Mr. Davies is right in saying that nobody now expects the original pledge of a cut in prices to be redeemed.

Another apt example given by Mr. Davies, and still not widely recognised, is the sugar industry. Here we have first a hopelessly uneconomic beet-growing branch of agriculture, then a public British Sugar Corporation set up as an amalgamation of the private beet factories, and a highly profitable sugar-refining combine headed by Tate and Lyle. It is an extremely complicated though fascinating story which Mr. Davies tells with skill. The essential fact is the emergence of the Tate and Lyle group as an effective monopoly in the refining industry. As early as 1928 the refiners were granted tariff preference, and Tate and Lyle's profits rose markedly. Then by a process partly of industrial amalgamation and partly of negotiation with the Government, the group obtained a virtual internal monopoly. Tate and Lyle's profits rose further to over £1,250,000 in 1938. Two 40 per cent. capital bonuses have been distributed since 1934 and the dividend remains at 18¼ per cent. The internal quasi-monopoly depends partly on an arrangement by which the Sugar Corporation agrees only to refine a certain amount of sugar in return for a payment from Tate and Lyle, and partly of a Refining Agreement between the Treasury and Tate and Lyle which gives a quota of the whole national output to the various associated firms. This arrangement is considered in the trade in practice to exclude potential competitors from entering it. The agreement also provides that the margin between Tate and Lyle's buying and selling price may rise if costs rise, but not apparently fall if they fall.

Mr. Davies quotes a pronouncement by Sir Leonard Lyle, who occupies the exalted position of President (not merely Chairman) of the company, at the annual meeting last year. Sir Leonard said that "provided we are not subjected to any further Government control and interference we can look forward with confidence to the future. I attach the utmost importance to this. . . . . The prosperity of this company is the direct result of initiative and enterprise. These have only been possible because of the free functioning of normal business methods which any form of attempt to control by bureaucracy would be bound to stop." Mr. Davies says that Sir Leonard must surely have been talking with his tongue in his cheek. I doubt it. I suspect he was just one more example of a company chief anaesthetised by the exuberance of his own jargon.

Of course, when it is proposed that a big industry should "reorganise" in the genuine sense which Socialists have always recommended—that is to say, organise itself with the greatest possible technical efficiency in order to reduce costs and prices and increase employment and output—the combines resist furiously and, under our "National" Government, successfully. This Mr. Davies illustrates by telling the story of the coal and electricity industries in the past five years. Coal, just like steel, got its price-fixing powers years ago, but obstinately refuses by every Parliamentary and extra-Parliamentary delaying tactic to amalgamate

Think of a number

Think of Player's No. 3 when you're wanting a cigarette of delightful mellowness and excellent flavour — superb in quality and with that distinguished fragrance which critical smokers demand.

PLAYER'S NUMBER 3
PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

20 · 1/5d.
50 · 3/5½d.

3.P.33

CO-OPERATIVE BANKING SERVICE

The 116,000 customers of the C.W.S. Bank form the most notable advertisement of its banking service. Current accounts and Deposit accounts opened for individuals and organisations alike.

Write to-day

C.W.S. BANK

Head Office: 1 Balloon Street, MANCHESTER

BRANCHES:

99 Leman Street, LONDON, E.1

42 Kingsway, W.C.2

Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster

West Blandford Street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

Broad Quay, BRISTOL

CATALOGUE 559

BOOKS on MUSIC

We have in the press a very interesting Catalogue of secondhand Music and Books on Music, including full orchestral scores and a number of first edition of works by the great composers. As with all our Catalogues, this will be sent free on request. *We invite you to offer us any interesting books on music or orchestral scores you wish to sell.*

W. HEFFER & SONS, LTD.
BOOKSELLERS, CAMBRIDGE.

HEFFER CAMBRIDGE

IF YOU

were rescued from the sea—

Unceasingly for the past 115 years life-boatmen have been saving an average of over a life each day. No call of distress goes unheeded. Give to these brave men to whatever extent you can afford, just as if it were your own life they had saved at sea. Give generously in pounds, shillings or pence.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

LIFE-BOAT HOUSE, 42, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1

The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer,
Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

For a WINTER HOLIDAY

VISIT

MOSCOW

for the

NOVEMBER CELEBRATIONS

NOVEMBER 7th—8th

WITNESS the magnificent pageants, parades and demonstrations celebrating the 22nd anniversary of the establishment of Soviet Power. A spectacle of colour and rhythm—participate with the Soviet people in their festivities.

★ *An added attraction is the All-Union Agricultural Exhibition demonstrating the achievements of the Soviet peoples in the realm of agriculture and horticulture.*

DEPARTURE BY SOVIET BOAT FROM LONDON OCTOBER 29th

20% REDUCTION IN PRICES.

INTOURIST MOSCOW LIMITED

BUSH HOUSE, ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.2

(Or any Leading Travel Agency).

into larger and more economic units. The electricity supply industry, which is making very high profits, effectively frustrated, as Mr. Davies shows, the rationalisation plans officially put forward two years ago.

If price-fixing fails to bring profits because foreigners are indiscreet enough to compete in foreign markets, our modern capitalists ask for a subsidy, though the Government must not of course "interfere" to see how the money is spent. Mr. Davies shows how fruitfully the shipowners have under the National Government helped themselves to the public purse.

Finally, if all else fails, the combines sell themselves to the Government at an excessive price. Mr. Davies, who has studied this question of compensation specially closely, makes clear how this has happened most notably in the case of London Transport and the new Airways Corporation. For British Airways and Imperial Airways the Government is paying influential private shareholders who, on ordinary business principles, had lost most of their money, about 30 per cent., or nearly £1,000,000, more than the concerns are worth. And, on the next working day after Parliament had dispersed, having approved the price, it was announced that Imperial Airways could not maintain some of its existing services any longer.

London Transport was burdened from the start with excessive interest charges due to over-payment of private shareholders, and these interest charges supplied the pretext for the rise in fares of three months ago. Mr. Davies most pertinently analyses the personnel of the Railway Rates Tribunal which, in deciding to raise the charges, interpreted the Act in an unexpectedly narrow sense. His analysis of the personal connections of at least one member of the Tribunal should be specially carefully read by all who realise that this Tribunal is to be the only safeguard against misuse of the monopoly price-fixing powers which are now to be given to the railways and big road hauliers under the Square Deal plan.

A.B.C.

THREE QUEENS

Caroline of Ansbach. By R. L. ARKELL. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Background for Queen Anne. By JAMES SUTHERLAND. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Wanton Queen. By E. E. P. TISDALE. *Stanley Paul.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Of these three queens, Queen Caroline of Ansbach is the least known and the most royal. Mrs. Arkell depicts her as the paragon of what both a woman and a queen should be, and considering what she had to put up with, she didn't fall far short of it. Caroline was left an orphan at thirteen, when she went to the court of Brandenburg and was brought up under the intelligent influence of Queen Sophia Charlotte, Frederick of Prussia's wife; Caroline was attractive, and under this new regime, became increasingly intellectual, so that she was a very fair prize in the Court Matrimonial Market. She showed her mettle when she refused Archduke Charles of Spain, as she was unwilling to adopt Catholic faith—an independent move for a portionless princess. While the future Frederick the Great was bargaining for her, she was married to George Augustus, the Electoral Prince of Hanover.

The unfortunate Caroline had to forgo much of her former freedom, for while her marriage was happy, the family was disturbed by internecine warfare, with her father-in-law, George I to-be, sitting firmly on his son, allowing him no liberty, and refusing a request from London that a member of the family should reside in England. It is said that every Prince of Hanover quarrels with his father, and this was no exception; four years after George I's accession the family tension was at breaking point. The King refused to treat his son as though he were grown up, and he finally ignored the Prince and Princess of Wales and ordered them to leave the Court, and they were not allowed to see their children.

At this time Caroline, who before then dabbled in politics only when expedient, began to revise her opinion of the Tories, who used the royal couple as their bait, and seeing that nothing would result from association with them, she veered towards Walpole; and on her accession as queen several years later, Walpole's hustling regime lasted as long as the queen lived. The queen and Walpole between them ruled the country, and the first had as well the more difficult task of making her wayward husband behave like a king; Walpole never understood that she was really fond of him, but at her death, which was embittered only by a quarrel with her son, the notoriously stingy George gave pensions to all her friends, the writers, the philosophers, and scientists, and reigned on alone for 23 long years. Mrs. Arkell has searched the archives in Germany, at the Hague, and at Windsor, working on almost virgin soil, in order to write this thoroughgoing biography of Caroline, and she has unearthed a great deal of new material, including the will of George I. The quarrel with their son, Frederick, she lays at the door of the Prince himself, not, as is usually thought, to an innate dislike by his parents. It is a thoughtful, well-constructed book, and serves well its unduly neglected heroine.

If Sydney Wooderson and Godfrey Winn are amongst the phenomena of this decade, it is doubtful if they will be the ones that survive two hundred years, unless a counterpart of Professor Sutherland is interested enough to dig out the facts. Harrison's *Elizabethan Journals* gave us the ideal background to the end of the sixteenth century, and in this book the author sets out to do the same by describing contemporary people and happenings during the brief period of Tory success from 1710 till the death of Queen Anne. One of the most glorious failures who even in her own time must have attracted little enough comment was Charlotte Addison, the daughter of Joseph Addison's middle-aged marriage with the Countess of Warwick. Poor dear, there's little enough to say about her, she wasn't very clever, and as far as we know she only had three suitors, one of whom fell out, and the other two were rejected; so she ceased to trouble her trustees, whose correspondence has been drawn upon for this sketch, and settled down to a long old-maid existence near Rugby. The most dramatic episode is the sad tale of young Matthews, a printer who was tried and executed at eighteen for printing an anti-Hanoverian broadsheet, though the mass of public opinion was on his side. Dean Swift's activities for the Tory party are recorded, and those of a large-scale sinner "Burridge the Blasphemer." This is an interesting book, but in a way disappointing; it is too slight, the background is not strong enough, although Professor Sutherland's history is not garnished, or even contorted, for he writes objectively, and has a strict regard for the facts as he finds them. He supplies the figures but the stage is missing. Its principal interest will be for anyone who is seeking an elaboration on the Queen Anne period, as the sketches are in themselves perfect.

The Wanton Queen is an exciting book, which sifts the truth to find the real character of George IV's uncrowned wife. This Caroline was a feckless, unmoral woman, clever if not always intelligent. Her wantonness was more an outcome of her circumstances, and of her marriage to a temperamentally unsuited husband; given different circumstances, and a husband who satisfied her, her talents and her intelligence might have found full expression in her position, but the hostility of the King's mistresses, and the Court factions, together with the low state of George's purse, led her on to wreck her own life. Never in the history of the country has the prestige of the crown fallen so low, in fact fallen away so completely as then; she pursued a rather disgusting life, full of innuendoes and open insults, intrigue and pompous investigation, and the only happy period of her life was in Italy when she lived with her major-domo. To the people, Queen Caroline was a saint, and at her funeral procession—the only time that the Queen had a crown, made of cardboard, and valued at eighteenpence—the crowds forced the procession to go through the centre of the city and not pass out by the park, and there amidst overwhelming expression of grief, poor Caroline was a queen in their hearts for the first and last time. It is doubtful if she was quite such an attractive person as Mr. Tisdale has made her; her life became progressively more sordid as she grew older, but he has written his book well, and handled his central character admirably. And of the three books, the appeal of this one will, I regret, be the widest. RAYMOND ALDERSON

The Criminal in Society: A Review of the Fundamentals of Criminology. By HENRY T. F. RHODES. *Lindsay Drummond.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

What Mr. Rhodes has done is to summarise and contrast the conclusions of those numerous leaders of thought in the field of social science who have considered crime as a social phenomenon, and to do it in a neat and lucid way that really does give this book a unique quality. Bentham, Bonger, Darwin, Ferri, Freud, Galton, Goring, Howard, Huxley, Krafft-Ebing, Lacassagne, Lombroso, Marx, Quetelet, and the Webbs are paraded and briefly examined from the only point of view that really matters to the criminologist—their collective contribution to the problem of preventing crime. The result is a book that everyone should read—particularly people of the kind to whom these names

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 unless otherwise stated.

APOLLO. Of Mice and Men. Tu. & Th.

COMEDY. Tony Draws a Horse. Wed., Fri.

DRURY LANE. The Dancing Years. W., S.

DUCHESS. The Corn is Green. Tues., Thu.

GLOBE. Wed. & Sats.
The Importance of Being Earnest.

PALACE. Under Your Hat. Tues. & Thurs.

QUEEN'S. Dear Octopus. Weds., Sats.

STRAND. Spotted Dick. Th., Aug. 31.

OPERA AND BALLET

COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE
Commencing Sept. 4. EVENINGS at 8.45.
Mats. (half price), Wed., Sat., 2.30. (TEM. 7961).
BALLET RUSSE de MONTE CARLO
LEONIDE MASSINE - - Artistic Director with
THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.

THEATRES

APOLLO. GERrard 2663.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
OF MICE AND MEN
CLAIRE LUCE, JOHN MILLS, NIALL MACGINNIS.

COLISEUM, Charing X. TEMple Bar 3161.
Commencing Aug. 28th. NIGHTLY 6.30 & 9.
For One Week Only
QUIET WEDDING
Prices: 1/-, 2/-, 3/-, 3/6 and 5/-

COMEDY. (Whi. 2578.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.
LILIAN BRAITHWAITE in
TONY DRAWS A HORSE
250th Performance September 4th.

DRURY LANE. (TEMple Bar 7171.)
Evenings, 8.0. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARY ELLIS and IVOR NOVELLO
THE DANCING YEARS

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) Evgs., 8.30. Tues., Thu., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE and EMLYN WILLIAMS in
THE CORN IS GREEN
A Comedy by EMLYN WILLIAMS.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30. WED., SAT., 2.30
THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

PALACE. (Ger. 6834.) Evgs., 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.
LEE EPHRAIM PRESENTS
JACK HULBERT and CICELY COURTNEIDGE in
UNDER YOUR HAT

QUEEN'S. Shaftesbury Av. GERrard 4517.
Evgs. 8.15 Sharp. Mats., Weds. & Sats., 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST in
"DEAR OCTOPUS." A Comedy by Dodie Smith.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660). EVENINGS 8.30.
ROBERTSON HARE. ALFRED DRAYTON in
SPOTTED DICK
A new Farce by BEN TRAVERS. 1st Mat., Aug. 31 at 2.30.

UNITY. (Eus. 5391.) EVENINGS, ex. Mons., 8.30.
COLONY
by Geoffrey Trease. Produced by Herbert Marshall.
Seats, 1/- to 3/6. Members only (Subscr. 1/-, Share 1/-).
Unity Theatre, Goldington Street, N.W.1.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) Nightly 6.20 & 9.
LUPINO LANE in
ME AND MY GIRL
with TEDDIE ST. DENIS
HOME OF THE "LAMBETH WALK." Over 1,000 PERFS.

REPERTORY THEATRES

BARN THEATRE, SHERE.
MONDAY NEXT, AUG. 28th, FOR ONE WEEK.
Evenings, 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
Monsieur Le Troubadec in Monte Carlo.
Translated by James Laver, from the play by Jules Romains.
Producer, John Burrell. Decor by Nadia Benois.
Entrance by Membership Ticket, obtainable free, in advance, from the Theatre. (Tel.: Shere 245.)

LIVERPOOL. **The Playhouse.**
Evenings, 7.45. Matinee, Sat. 2.30.
Spears Against Us. Cecil Roberts.

FILMS

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981
LOUIS JOUVET
"LE DRAME DE SHANGHAI" (A)
A tale of Shanghai and the Japanese menace.
Commencing Wed., Aug. 30, "PROFESSOR MAMLOCK."

BERKELEY Cinema, Berkeley St. May. 8505.
RAIMU in
"LA FEMME DU BOULANGER" (A)
3rd month of Marcel Pagnol's brilliant French satirical comedy. ADULTS ONLY.

EVERYMAN (opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham 2285
MONDAY, AUGUST 28th, FOR THREE DAYS
Niall MacGinnis in **Edge of the World** (A)
THURSDAY, AUGUST 31st, FOR FOUR DAYS
Sabu in **Elephant Boy** (U)

LONDON PAVILION. GERrard 2982.
Continuous daily from 10 a.m.
VICTOR McLAGLEN in
"GOLDEN GLOVES" (U)
also "THE HOUSE OF FEAR" (A).

"SMALLS" RATES

3d. a word ★ for single insertions.

4d. for words in CAPS (except the first). Lines in Caps 1/9.

Series Discounts: 5% for 3 insertions; 10% for 13 insertions; 15% for 26 and 20% for 52.

Minimum Twelve Words.

Box Numbers—1/- extra. This charge includes forwarding replies.

Box Number replies should be addressed "Box No. . . . c/o New Statesman and Nation, 10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1."

All small advertisements must be prepaid and copy should arrive by TUESDAY. Please write on ONE SIDE OF PAPER.

Holiday Suggestions — Special cheap rate on application.

★ ONE WORD: Place names, *e.g.*, St. Albans, Ashton-under-Lyne, Golders Green. 'Phone numbers, *e.g.*, HOL. 3216. 'Phone 2414. Groups of five letters or figures, *e.g.*, Y.M.C.A. or S.W.18, etc. TWO WORDS: Number and name of street, *e.g.*, 24 St. George's Street, 24 Broadway

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs

One Year, post free - - -	30s. 0d.
Six Months " " - - -	15s. 0d.
Three " " " - - -	7s. 6d.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1.

CONCERTS

QUEEN'S HALL
B.B.C. PROMENADE CONCERTS
NIGHTLY at 8 UNTIL OCT. 7th.
SIR HENRY J. WOOD
B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Tickets, 2s., 3s., 5s., 6s. and 7s. 6d., at
B.B.C. BROADCASTING HOUSE (Wel. 4468).
CHAPPELL'S, QUEEN'S HALL (Lan. 2823).

RESTAURANTS

WE cook as well as he thinks his mother did, RULES Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

GREEK RESTAURANT. The White Tower, 1, Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road. Mus. 2187. Genuine Hymettus Honey, Rose-Petal Jam from the Greek Monastries, and all Greek and Oriental Specialities always in stock.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. MUS. 6428.

COME to Mrs. Cook's, where the food is excellent and does you good. The cooking is different from the usual restaurant type. Famous for nine years for quality and value. MRS. COOK'S, 12 Denman Street, Piccadilly Circus.

PERSONAL

WILL kindhearted English family offer hospitality to German student (18) in London? Box 5936.

HOSPITALITY urgently required in London for Viennese couple from end of August. Period one or two months. Full particulars from Box 5935.

POSITION wanted as cook-housekeeper and chauffeur-gardener for intelligent, educated German couple, anxious rejoin emigrated children. Reply 146 Cholmley Gardens, N.W.6.

BACHELOR gentleman, 30, business world, London, prefers simple life, so seeks week-end country retreat in the home of another bachelor. Is willing to assist with household chores if necessary. Box 5925.

GUARANTEE to total £200 urgently needed for German Jew in Berlin without means. £70 already given. Could several friends join? WALKER, "Green Pastures," Gomshall, Surrey.

BLOOMSBURY. Best part. Two women (London University) seek third share pleasant furnished flat overlooking square. Independence and companionship combined. Box 5918.

PALESTINIAN JEWISH GIRL who wants to take her M.A. Degree seeks hospitality in England. M. MICHAELI, POB 340, Tel-Aviv, Palestine.

POLITICAL REFUGEE, Polish, 27, Doctor: economist, statistician, languages, 3 years German political prisoner, U.S.A.-quota 1941, wants help enter U.K., Empire. Hospitality or any work. Box 5943.

WILL anyone offer hospitality to charming, cultivated refugee couple, scientist (Vienna) and wife? Write Box 5882.

RESPONSIBLE, interesting post desired by young man (29), single. Versatile, pleasing personality, wide interests. £300 p.a. Willing to travel. Box 5883.

FOR those who are not quite able to deal with normal life, a real home with understanding and experienced care, on psychological lines is offered in beautiful country house.—Drs. references. Box 5476.

ANIMAL LOVERS. Give hour weekly. St. Francis Humanitarian Hospital, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.

"HOW much an ounce—your 'baccy, dad?"
"TOM LONG'S a *priceless* smoke, my lad!"

MEAT EATING INVOLVES CRUELTY
WHY NOT TRY VEGETARIANISM?
Free Literature, including Recipes, from
THE VEGETARIAN SOCIETY, 57 Princes Street, Manchester, 2.

WELBECK 4950 or Temple Bar 1460 for portrait appointments by Anthony Panting.

DETECTIVES. Divorce, private enquiries, etc. Moderate. Consultation free. UNIVERSAL DETECTIVES (Estab. 1929), 12 Henrietta Street, W.C.2. TEM. 8594.

MISCELLANEOUS

HAVE your favourite suit copied exactly in a "John Peel" Cumberland Tweed, £4 17s. 6d. Fit guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns and particulars post free. REDMAYNE, LTD., 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

GROUP ACCOMMODATION

LECTURE room (seating 80) available for social meetings, lectures, pupils' concerts, etc. For terms, apply SECRETARY, 34 Nottingham Place, W.1.

convey either a distorted platitude or nothing, and who are content to believe of Darwin, for example, that he said men are descended from monkeys. The economic background to crime is indeed given prominence, but from a refreshingly critical point of view. Mr. Rhodes obviously approves the environmentalists' view that a mere change in the economic structure of society, however salutary, would not result in the elimination of crime; he rightly emphasises covetousness as the most important element in the study of crime in the modern world, and acknowledges the inadequacy of a definition of the criminal act which is expressed merely in terms of law-breaking. "The anti-social content of our modern economic society increases," he says, because "modern business (and modern politics) have long ceased to have even a formally ethical basis." He has a philosopher's dissatisfaction with the law—as "an empirical piece of machinery of a more or less experimental kind," which can "hardly profess to reflect the ultimate moral and social criteria of society"; so he makes several unimportant errors of fact when he discusses it. (It is disconcerting, though, to find that great legal historian Sir James Fitzjames Stephen referred to as Fitz James Stephan; but then Mr. Rhodes disapproves of him, too.) Mr. Rhodes draws conclusions from the criminal statistics which are guarded and therefore valuable, though in admitting that America cannot be fitted into his picture of democracy as the political system which is the most free from crime he fails to convince when he relies on "gangsterdom" to explain it. His most interesting chapters are those in which he examines crime in the authoritarian countries, and his most tentative those where he deals with "absolute morality" as responsible for legal sanctions. But although this is not essentially a reformer's book and the author is human enough to think, for example, that race gangs are "very properly" dealt with with great severity, it is one that must do good if, at this time, it can get into the hands of those who need to be convinced that crime decreases in brutality under milder forms of legislation.

Frémont, Pathmarker of the West. By ALLAN NEVINS. *Appleton-Century.* 21s.

Here is recorded, with the ability we expect from Professor Nevins, a career of extraordinary fascination. John C. Frémont is hardly a name to the present-day American, perhaps because he missed a crowning success in each one of his many lines of public activity. And yet it could be maintained that as a combination of personal gifts, romance and positive achievement his record has never been surpassed in North America. He was born in 1813, the illegitimate son of a French *émigré*. He was the first modern explorer of the West, iron-nerved, thorough, and brilliant in command. He had more to do with the opening of the Far West and the conquest of California than any other man, and was the first Senator from the golden State. He was chosen as national candidate by the new Republican Party in 1856, and might have gained the Presidency four years before the momentous year of Abraham Lincoln. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he was in command of the Department of the West and, ironically, was removed by Lincoln after he had issued in Missouri a proclamation which was designed to make Slavery, instead of the Union, the major issue of the conflict. Frémont made a fortune in gold-mining and lost it. He went in for railroad building and crashed, being pursued by embittered bondholders, mainly French, amid the hideous financial scandals of the 1870s. Every decade of his life was packed with exciting personal incidents. His admirers ranged from Kit Carson, the famous Western scout, to the most earnest of Boston abolitionists. And for fifty years there stood by his side one of the brightest of American women. Jessie Benton, who married him at seventeen, was lovely and indomitable, and she wrote in high spirits to the end.

Public Aspects of Finance. By D. H. MACGREGOR. *Oxford.* 5s.

Looking at the outside of this book, one wonders what earthly finance it is, private aspects of which are not to be discussed. After looking inside one concludes that the proof-reader's nightmare, a printer's error in the title, has really come true. For the book is about aspects of public finance. It is a critique of what Chancellors of the Exchequer have said for themselves during the last hundred years. The author talks discursively about Gladstone's retrenchment *versus* Disraeli's "expenditure depends on policy." The former implied that government being a necessary evil vital services must indeed be financed, but that all other state expenditure should normally be reduced from year to year. The latter saw that there were collective wants but it had no criterion of how far these ought to be indulged. But then there is no rational criterion either for public or for private expenditure, except the banality that it may sometimes be wise to look at alternatives before one leaps. Apart from the direct utility of expenditure and disutility of taxation, Chancellors have also aired views about their indirect aspects. Funds raised by taxation would otherwise have been consumed, invested, or hoarded. So taxation or its remission, retrenchment or borrowing for public works can and have all been defended as producing more fruit in the way of employment or of permanent wealth than alternative policies. On "fructification" the author himself is rightly undogmatic. But, also rightly, he is critical of the notion that taxation and borrowing should be kept as far as possible in "reserve" for emergencies. This is a sound as well as an amiable book.

BOOKS TO COME

Messrs. Heinemann are convinced that they have a really outstanding novel in John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*, which they are publishing on September 7th. The book has earned unusual praise in New York from critics not usually prone to exuberance. Mr. H. G. Wells describes it as "an unforgettable picture of the last stage in that process of material and moral destruction with which the story of sturdy individualism in America concludes."

Heinemann's will also publish on September 4th a collection of short stories by Noel Coward, *To Step Aside*—this is Mr. Coward's first excursion into fiction—and a satire on the human race by Clemence Dane, *The Arrogant History of White Ben.*

The Chinese Novel, by Pearl Buck, to be published by Macmillan on September 5th, is the text of the address delivered by Miss Buck before the Swedish Academy at Stockholm on the occasion of her receipt of the Nobel Prize for Literature. She deals with the growth of the Chinese novel and the contribution made by Chinese literature to humanism.

Miss Malvina Hoffmann, whose book, *Sculpture Inside and Out*, will be published by Allen and Unwin on September 5th, was a pupil of Rodin. Her account of the origin of form in sculpture is enlivened by personal recollections of Rodin, Mestrovic and other well-known sculptors. In the second part of her work, which is lavishly illustrated, she is concerned with the actual technique of sculpture.

Allen and Unwin will publish on the same day *Torquemada : Scourge of the Jews*, by Thomas Hope, a study of anti-semitism and nationalism in the fifteenth century with a moral for to-day.

Dr. Victor Heiser, whose autobiography, *A Doctor's Odyssey*, gained him friends all over the world, has had so many requests for a programme by which to achieve good health, that he has written in reply *You're the Doctor*, to be published by Cape on September 1st. Dr. Heiser does not, of course, prescribe for illnesses or attempt to give detailed advice, but writes for normal people who want to keep well and for those who are vaguely out of condition. His forty years as a private physician have taken him to every part of the globe.

On the same day, Cape will publish a new volume of short stories by H. E. Bates, *The Flying Goat*. This, the seventh collection, contains the pick of all his shorter work since the publication of *Something Short and Sweet*.

In *Life Class*, coming from the Bodley Head on September 5th, Mr. Ludwig Bemelmans, the artist and illustrator, tells the story of his early life, first as a waiter and then as a manager of the banquet department in a New York luxury hotel. Mr. Bemelmans, whose lively illustrations for children's books and magazine contributions have since made him famous, is the grandson of a Bavarian brewer and son of a Belgian painter. He went to America as a boy, joined the U.S. Army, and, in the intervals of earning his living, taught himself to paint.

Mr. Edward Knoblock's autobiography, *Round the Room*, coming from Chapman and Hall on September 4th, is a new kind of *Voyage Autour de ma Chambre*. A collector from his youth up, he tells the story of his life by displaying to the reader the trophies with which his living-room is filled.

Harrap will publish on September 7th the autobiography of Ruth St. Denis, the dancer. She was brought up in a New Jersey farmhouse and began her career with a small part in Belasco's London production of "Zaza." It is rather dashing to be told that her thoughts were turned to the culture of the East and the relationship between religion and dancing by a poster advertising Egyptian Deities cigarettes.

The Grand Whiggery, by Marjorie Villiers, a study of the great Whig families of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries whose focusing point was Devonshire House, will be published by Murray on September 7th.

Hitler's Last Year of Power is the reassuring title of a book by one, Leonardo Blake, to be published by Dakers on August 30th. "With closely reasoned astrological, historical and psychological arguments" the author proves that there will be no World War, that Chamberlain's peace policy will overcome Hitler's aggression and that by the end of 1940 Hitler will have vanished from power. MARIE SCOTT-JAMES

About Motoring

A REVIVAL OF STREAMLINING?

THREE or four years ago America foisted upon her own nationals and later upon us an abortive experiment in streamlining roadster cars. The experiment was in no sense scientific, and amounted to little more than a transient change in coachwork fashions. The streamlining was nowhere adequate to effect a real economy of horsepower, a real increase in speed, or a real reduction in petrol consumption. The artistic merit of the new bodies was poor, and most of them involved some sacrifice of comfort for their occupants, such as low roofs, or awkward seating, or footwells in the flooring. Motorists soon recovered sanity, and the pseudo-streamlining died

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

London

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Great Russell St., W.C.1. Telephones and free electric heating in all bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9*s*. 6*d*. per night. Illustrated Booklet and Inclusive Terms on application.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3*d*. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5*s*. a night or 30*s*. weekly: with dinner, 6*s*. 6*d*. a night or 35*s*. to 2 *gns*. weekly. Vic. 7289.

North of London

THE STUDIO, Baldock, Hertfordshire ('Phone: 58), for week-ends or holidays. Fifteenth-century house. Large garden.

PERFECT peace. Vi-spring beds, home-made butter, fresh fruit, cream, log fires. 14th century Manor Farm. Upper Quinton, Stratford-on-Avon.

South

EASTBOURNE. "Mona House," Compton Street. Small comf. pte. hotel. Two mins. sea, Devonshire Pk. Excellent cuisine, service. Mod. inc. terms. MATTHEWS. 'Phone: 2597.

FOR peaceful holiday, perfect surroundings, unlimited walks, easily accessible, stay at Timberscombe Guest House, Fernhurst, Haslemere. Tel.: Fernhurst 6.

WEST SUSSEX VILLAGE. Quiet holidays near sea and Downs. Home-made fare. 42*s*. SIMONS, Devon Cottage, Westbourne, near Emsworth, Hants.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real Country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone: 61.

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

SEAFORD. MISS MITCHELL, Claremont House. (Seaford 3008.) Facing sea; h. and c. water in bedrooms; own garden produce. Vegetarian.

NEW FOREST. Small Guest House. Friendly atmosphere. Peaceful surroundings. Tennis. Riding. Lovely country. LEONARD, The Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants. Telephone: 2168.

LINDFIELD, Sussex. The Dean's Mill House. Delightful old house, every modern convenience. Own grounds. Vegetarian, Diet reform. Resident dietitian. Fishing. Boating. Garage. 'Phone 120.

ISLE OF WIGHT. Country house, mains water, H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, 23 acres, own sea shore, safe bathing, sunbathing enclosures, tennis. Brochure (stamp) N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, I.O.W.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

BENBECULA, DITCHLING, SUSSEX. Small Guest House. Delightful position facing Downs. H. & C. in all rooms. Moderate terms. Telephone: Hassocks 146.

SALTDEAN, Sussex. Modern Guest House, facing sea and Downs. Walesbeech House. Rottingdean 9431.

South West

REAL modern comfort, home-grown produce, wonderful Atlantic view, 2 acres, all go to make holidays at Rockingham, Westward Ho! Devon, ideal. 2½–4 *gns*. MISS FOLL (Northam 183).

TORQUAY, Howden Court Hotel. 4 minutes to sea by private path, garden, attractive sun lounge. Private sitting rooms and private bathrooms if required. A.A. appointed. Tel.: 2807II.

CORNWALL (Cape Cornwall). Unique position, 8 miles west of Penzance, overlooking Cape Cornwall and the Atlantic. For hotel accommodation or furnished houses on moderate terms apply MANAGER, Porthledden, St. Just, Cornwall.

CORNWALL. FARMHOUSE ACCOMMODATION. Country touring centre; Looe 6 miles. Modern conveniences. Electric light. Own produce. Tennis, riding, rough shooting. A.A. recommended. Vacancies September, 45*s*. TAMBLYN, Botelet Farm, Liskeard. 'Phone: Lanreath 225.

South West—continued

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON. South Devon Coast, "Mountway" Guest House. Modern comfort.

SOMERSET. Centre walking, motoring tours; quiet, comfortable residence, easy distance sea, golf, polo. Garage. MRS. BRIGHT, Battins Guest House, Alcombe, Minehead.

CHARMOUTH, Dorset. Claremont Guest House. Delightful coastal village. Excellent varied catering. Charming garden. Sea 5 minutes. Rec. A.A. Phone: 36.

DARTMOOR. Delightful Guest House, near golf and fishing. Own horses. Inclusive terms for riding guests. Bagtor House, Ilsington, Newton Abbot. Haytor 203.

WEST SOMERSET, between Minehead and Dulverton; superior farmhouse accommodation; staghunting; hacks for hire; rough shooting; fishing. Inclusive. Box 4773.

SAVERNAKE FOREST. The Forest Hotel. Tel.: Burbage 6. Excellent food. Ideal for walking; forest and downs. Good train service.

East and North East

PARK HOUSE. Black Notley, Braintree, Essex, 16th C. Guest House; quiet, informal. 6*s*. a day.

WENSLEYDALE, one mile Aysgarth. Guest House for energetic or restful holidays. Near moors. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, near Leyburn, Yorks.

North West

DON'T travel abroad this year! The new Pillar Hotel, Langdale Estate, nr. Ambleside, set amidst mountains, woods and lakes, offers greater attractions. Squash rackets, tennis, swimming-pool. An ideal centre for climbing and fell walking. Write for brochure or telephone Grasmere 82.

LAKES. Beautiful Buttermere, "Victoria," leading hotel between Honiston Pass and Cockermouth. Swiss balconies. Electricity; h. and c. Unique grounds. Telephone: 2. Pension from £4 5*s*.

West and Wales

"HIGHTREE," Leintwardine, Bucknell, Salop. Ideally centralised for Herefordshire, Shropshire and the Welsh Marches. Trout fishing. Tariff on request.

PENALLY. Private Guest House, accom. 8 persons, April to November. Special diets studied. Bron Llwyn, Penally, Tenby, Pem. 'Phone: Tenby 56.

CONWAY. Gateway to Snowdonia. River, sea and mountains. Stay at Clemence's Criterion Hotel, Castle Street. Cosy divan rooms, 6*s*. 6*d*. with breakfast. Special en pension terms.

Ireland

TRY AN IRISH HOLIDAY
Laragh House, Annamoe, Co. Wicklow. Ireland's Luxury Country Hotel is situated a thousand feet above sea level amidst glorious scenery. Real home comfort from lovely log fires and luxurious armchairs. Hot water in all bedrooms; good plain cooking and all garden produce from home farm; our own tennis courts (grass and hard); horses to ride; a wonderful full-length golf course and a glorious swimming pool. English visitors are especially welcome and terms most moderate. Please send p.c. for illustrated brochure. Ireland is at its loveliest in September and our prices are reduced.

WICKLOW MOUNTAINS. Unique situation. London 10 hours. Open moorland, sheltered gardens, good cooking; 18-hole golf course 5 mins. YOUNG, Carrigoona Cottage, Kilmacanogue.

ACHILL ISLAND. Strand Hotel, Dugort, Mayo. Beautifully situated on finest bathing strand. Magnificent scenery. Hot and cold water. Fully licensed, fishing and shooting. TOM SHERIDAN, Proprietor.

CLIFDEN, Connemara. Rock Glen Hotel. Licensed. H. and C. all rooms. Overlooking Ardbear Bay. Own grounds. Private bathing. Glorious scenery. 4½ *guineas*.

Scotland

EDINBURGH GUEST HOUSE. Central. Excellent cuisine. From 7*s*. 6*d*. nightly; from 63*s*. weekly. 45 Manor Place. Tel.: 204191.

EDINBURGH. Manor Hotel, 50 Manor Place. Small quiet, comfortable, modern. Terms from 13*s*. 6*d* per day. Reduction per week. Tel.: 228191.

Foreign

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER. Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds, direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 7*s*. inclusive.

PARIS Vme, Hotel and Pension Alger. 8 rue des Fossés-St. Jacques. Central; heart Latin Quarter. Good rooms from 15 *frs*. daily; special monthly terms.

ACCOMMODATION
To Let and Wanted

WHEN visiting London, you will have every home comfort if you stay at Home Corner Guest House, 5 Highbury Crescent, N.5, the recognised Left Wing house, with the real spirit of comradeship. 4*s*. 6*d*. Bed and Breakfast, including bath.

ROOM, furnished, divan, H. & C., baths, cleaning, light, 20*s*. 94 Warwick Way, Westminster.

CHARMING ROOMS, newly decorated and furnished. Hot and cold. Garden. Rooms, including breakfast, dinner, bath, light, 2 *guineas* weekly. Few minutes Marble Arch and near tube station. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. Mai. 1930.

PEACE in the country. One or two gentlemen, preferably of scholarly interests, welcomed comfortable house Cotswold country. Reasonable terms. Box 5932.

CHISWICK. Tenant leaving after three years recommends furnished rooms in charming old-world private house. Service, garden, mooring rights, near tennis, golf. Chiswick 0160.

COMFORTABLE Rooms and good food in attractive house in the Chilterns. Convenient for London and Oxford. Beacon Cottage, Aston Rowant, Oxford. Kingston Blount 219.

MARRIED COUPLE. Nice room in 19a Red Lion Square, Holborn. £3 month.

ONE minute Holborn Tube Station. Pleasant room in really comfortable flat. Full service, breakfast. Lift. Every convenience. 25*s*. p.w. 'Ph.: Hol. 2921.

HYDE PARK. 82 Sussex Gardens, W.2. Ambassador 2941. H. and c. basins. 5*s*. 6*d*. nightly with breakfast, from 23*s*. 6*d*. weekly.

GUILFORD STREET. Unfurnished room, top floor, newly decorated. ROWAN, 16 Doughty Street, W.C.1. Holborn 7535.

SMALL furnished room vacant. 16*s*. 6*d*. 22 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 1043.

FREE HOUSEHOLD, no restrictions, Chelsea. Bed-sitters. £1-27/6. FLAxman 9970 or SLOane 3842

HIGH-CLASS digs. Single and double room to let. Moderate terms. No foreigners. 115 Fellows Road, Hampstead. PRI. 2396.

ETON AVENUE (Swiss Cottage End). International friendship, good food, hot baths, individual liberty sacred. Single, 2 *gns*., double from 35*s*., each full board. Ring Primrose 6466.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH. Divan bed-sitting rooms, h. and c., central heating, breakfast, use kitchen and dining room, quiet, from 23*s*. 6*d*. HAM. 3288. Write 21 Pond Street, N.W.3.

BELSIZE PARK. Attractive bed-sitting rooms. Good food; reasonable prices. Apply in evening. SHIPHAM, 44 Glenloch Road, N.W.3.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, Etc.
For Sale, To Let and Wanted

BEXHILL. To let, well-built, semi-detached house, close station, sea and shops; quiet; 5 bedrooms, 2 reception; all modern conveniences; completely redecorated, ready for occupation; £75 exclusive; low rates. Box 5924.

CHARMOUTH, Dorset. To let winter months. Cottage, 2 sit., 3 bed., e.l., gas, bath; £1 p.w. Box 5922.

BUCKS 2 miles. Aylesbury. Old-world thatched cottage, detached, 3 rooms. Well water, small garden. Beautiful secluded position. 'Phone: Hol. 2922.

MODERN, detached 3 bedroomed house to let furnished, Sept. to Dec. Non-vulnerable area. Garage. 13 Fearnley Road. Welwyn Garden City. Welwyn Garden 637.

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb. Detached Cottage-style residence adjoining Heath. Four bedrooms. Good garage and garden. £156 p.a. excl. Box 5940.

BLOOMSBURY. To let, unfurnished top flat, for two ladies. Three rooms. £90. EUS. 1904.

CHELSEA—best position. Upper part to let in private house, September. Three to four rooms, moderate rent. Constant hot water. Box 5795.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates, and all information on page 321

FAIR HEARING
The concise bulletin of political briefs for independent judges. The views of Communists, Fascists, Russians, Germans, Jews, Japanese, etc., compared with English views.
Write for free specimen copy to RONALD BATHGATE, Rookscombe, Nr. Wells, Somerset.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate, &c. Plate Powder 6d 1/- & 2/-
"Goddard's" Liquid Polish 9d & 1/3

a natural and merited death. But on July 25th last the *Motor* published an extremely interesting narrative of certain tests executed by its staff with a new version of the 1,100 c.c. Fiat, usually known as the 12 h.p. model. One of these chassis has been equipped with a novel Italian body, developed in a wind tunnel at Turin, and endowing the car with a most remarkable road performance. Details of this performance must be prefaced with the admission that the engine is not standard. The production 12 h.p. Fiat engine has a normal output of 32 brake horse-power, whereas the special engine under notice has special bearings, a special induction system, and a 7 : 1 compression ratio. Lest it should be imagined that these modifications render it rough, delicate and capricious, I should add that although an additional 10 b.h.p. is thus acquired, the engine runs perfectly smoothly on ordinary No. 1 pump petrol, and suffers no loss of reliability. With this engine is provided a top gear of 3½ to 1. Thus adapted, the car will touch 90 m.p.h. on the road; will cruise at 80 m.p.h. on the special motor roads (Autostradas) of Italy; it can register a fuel consumption of no less than 40 miles per gallon at sixty miles an hour; and at ordinary British traffic speeds of 35 miles an hour, it will travel nearly fifty miles on a gallon of fuel. The expense of the special coachwork and the necessary chassis modifications raise the price of the car from £198 to £375; but this increase could doubtless be cut very heavily if public interest availed to supersede the standard model by the streamlined model in mass production, although the streamlined car would always be definitely more costly than the standard squat rectangular edition. Our contemporary further executed a special series of tests in the way of running off impetus. A standard unstreamlined car of approximately equal weight was pitted against the special Fiat on Brooklands track, and both cars were run alongside each other at various speeds, put into neutral simultaneously, and allowed to roll to a standstill. Current opinion has always assumed that streamlining could only be effected at really high speeds. But in these "roll to a stop" tests, the streamlined Fiat outrolled the other car by 40 per cent. from fifty miles an hour, and by 16½ per cent. from 30 m.p.h. In a similar test at 10 m.p.h. the standard car rolled a trifle the further of the two. The net effect of all these tests is that in speed and climb and fuel economy scientific streamlining hoists the performance of a car quite considerably at touring speeds, and equips a small engine with maximum performances hitherto associated only with expensive sports models.

The objections to the innovations have yet to be stated and weighed. They relate to cost; seating; window area; and accessibility. The question of cost has already been mentioned. So far as seating is concerned, the experimental model is a two-seated saloon. Its roof is definitely low, and begins to slope backwards at a moderate inclination immediately abaft the steering wheel. It would be possible to accommodate two additional passengers in a stern cockpit, but entry would almost certainly be of the two-door type, and whilst the head clearance over the two front seats is not great, it would be further reduced in any stern cockpit. This does not imply inevitable discomfort for seated passengers, but it probably must entail a certain awkwardness both in ingress and exit, slightly reminiscent of the low four-seated bodies fitted to the familiar Riley "Kestrel" coachwork, which was possibly the best British version of the pseudo-streamlined bodies so popular a few years ago. The special Fiat is positively deplorable in respect of window space. It has a wide window on each side level from the two armchair seats, but has no rear lights whatsoever, and its stern window consists of two miserable little panes in the tail; these are set at a sharp angle in the sloping tail, which extends back a yard or more (I did not measure it) behind the rear wheels, and ends in a blunt butt no larger than a number plate, and that a number plate of the type which has the index letters set above the actual figures. It would be next to impossible to insert additional windows of an openable type in such a body, but some of the panelling could be replaced by transparent material, such as is employed for aeroplane cockpits. Accessibility is everywhere obstructed in such a design, although it could be improved to levels not attempted in this special sports edition. The lower edges of the sides of the body come very near the ground. The rear wheels are completely enclosed beneath the streamlining, and panels must be removed before they can be changed. The front wheels are open laterally, but rotate in housings in the body so long as the car is running straight ahead. Owing to these front wheel housings the body is much wider than that of an ordinary car, with resultant complications in bonnet layout, and difficulty in getting at all components beneath the bonnet. Moreover, in the event of minor bumps and grazes the expense of reconditioning a dented or crumpled coachwork item would be considerably greater than normal. In its present guise the car is undeniably nothing more or less than a very specialised sports car. Its interest is not so much intrinsic, as bound up with the possibilities which it demonstrates of developing standard touring cars, endowed by scientific streamlining with a phenomenally high performance and a phenomenal standard of economy in use. Both these assets are sufficiently valuable to inspire a renewed activity in research on the whole question of applying streamlining to utility cars of all sizes. It is doubtful whether the possibilities can ever affect elderly and dignified people, whose notions on questions of motor-car ingress and exit approximate to the layout of a first-class railway carriage. But motorists who are young and lissom would probably accept the special handicaps inherent in such designs with real avidity. The car is quite the most provocative vehicle of its size which has ever appeared on the roads of the world.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 495

Set by Guy Innes

The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for not more than sixteen lines of verse in any metre, in which the most excruciating rhymes shall be employed (e.g., jewel—cool, or worse). False rhymes that are euphonious (e.g., meadow—shadow) or hackneyed (dawn—morn) should be eschewed. Combine originality of theme with the infliction of literary neuralgia.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, September 1.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 493

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for the best list of six Don'ts to guide the foreigner invited to an English week-end party.

Report by G. W. Stonier

The two most popular don'ts were "Don't be chatty at breakfast" and "Don't drink the coffee." The first seems to me an obsolete piece of advice, surviving from the days when everyone suffered at breakfast from a hangover. The second may be sound, particularly for anyone who comes from New York or Vienna. The foreign guest was also warned against excessive hand-shaking, refusing baths, addressing fellow guests by their surnames.

On a few points competitors cancelled out. While some advised the foreigner to avoid serious conversation and join in about sport, others told him to avoid sport because the vocabulary was too difficult. He was urged to play billiards, and to abstain (it's not billiards, as *you* know it). He must be entertaining, he must be silent. And so on.

"Don't go" was all T. W. Hutton said; and for a moment I felt like giving him a prize.

From unsuccessful contributors it was possible to select some admirable don'ts.

Don't expect to be entertained. Be entertaining, but in strict moderation. (Sir Robert Witt.)

Don't expect a murder. Detective stories do not give a faithful picture of English life. (J. C. B. Date.)

Don't attempt to disillusion your hostess when she complains of poverty. Poverty is her most cherished illusion. (R. D. Cribb.)

Don't confuse a week-end party with what you may have heard of a week-end. (R. S. Jaffray.)

Don't lose your temper at early morning tea. The housemaid who brings this to you, shortly after dawn, will also tear open the curtains and start putting out what she considers you ought to wear that day, thus rousing you from the best sleep of the night. Do not object, this service is considered a luxury, and don't ask for breakfast in bed. ("Crabapple.")

Don't take any notice of servants. (R. Cecil Owen.)

Don't assume that the week-end you are enjoying is a typically English one; if it were you would not be invited. (Miss S. Evans-Lawrence.)

Don't expect the generations to mix. If you are young you will be relegated to the young, if elderly, you will be shut up with parents. Any attempt to bridge these gulfs is unwise. (Anne Fremantle.)

One competitor, "J. D.," who sent in a lively set of particular kinds of week-ends—Antic-Hayish, Blandings Castle, etc.—wrote: "Is it a literary week-end? Ask Mr. Stonier." That's easy. The first don't in addressing a writer is "How are you getting on with your book?"

Though not lengths ahead, I think Gerald Hamilton and Tilli Edelman deserve a first prize divided, and "Autolycus" the second prize.

FIRST PRIZE (I)

SIX "DON'TS" TO GUIDE THE FOREIGNER INVITED TO AN ENGLISH WEEK-END PARTY

(1) Do not be nonplussed on your arrival by your host or hostess addressing you in what he or she imagines to be your own language. Smirk and shake hands warmly, they will soon drop into understandable English.

(2) Do not make the mistake, when you ask what evening clothes you are to wear, of referring to your tail-coat as "frock" and your dinner jacket as "smoking." The former expression will provoke witticisms, not necessarily in the best of taste, from the younger members of the party, and the latter will lead to the premature offer of a bad cigar.

(3) Do not expect to hear a warning bell in the morning so that everyone may be found in the right bed when called. You will have read in novels that this happens in England, but it is not true.

(4) Do not forget that you are expected to take a bath every morning. The footman, who calls you, will not say "Do you require a bath this morning, sir?" but severely, "At what time will you take your bath, sir?" He will probably add even more severely, "Breakfast is served in the morning room at nine sharp."

(5) Do not be surprised at the absence of a bidet even in the most luxurious bathroom. These are referred to in England as "French gadgets" and are never used. Indeed, how the English manage without one is one of the unsolved mysteries of Anglican sanitation.

(6) Do not attempt to use English sporting slang, for there are too many pitfalls, of which the classic story of the foreigner who after a day's grouse shooting asked his hostess "how many braces have you to your bags?" is a sad example.

GERALD HAMILTON

FIRST PRIZE (II)

(1) Don't shake hands with the distinguished looking gentleman who greets you at the door. He's the butler.

(2) Don't at breakfast say "No thanks, I'd rather have coffee." Your host *is* offering you coffee.

(3) Don't neglect to memorise the exact position of your bedroom. If at night you accidentally wander into the maid's room, your nationality will be against you.

(4) Don't protest when offered a twice daily bath. You can always let the water out.

(5) Don't arrive at the meet with a gun.

(6) Don't, before you leave, seduce your host's wife (mother or sister). Your host may fail to appreciate the subtle compliment.

TILLI EDELMAN

SECOND PRIZE

To Aliens who would Break the Ice
But not by dropping bricks—advice!

(1) If you'd avoid a social crime
Do not be bright at breakfast-time.

(2) We think we have a reputation
For being mad, with every nation;
So don't disclose the truth, and show
You merely think us rather slow.

(3) Never presume to make a quiet
Comment on cookery or diet.
You'll simply strengthen the idea
That foreign ways, of course, are queer.

(4) Should the talk turn, as well it may,
On Neville's attitude to-day,
Do not attempt to state your view
For no one will agree with you.

(5) Never forget that only we
Can justly call our country "free";
So don't at any time express
Your thoughts about our Daily Press.

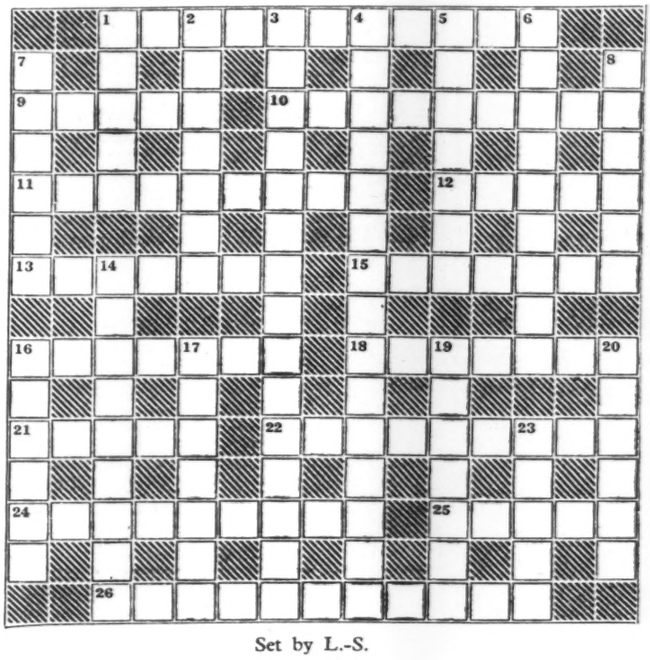
(6) Don't be astounded or irate
At anything your host may state.
On every point, by natural light,
The Englishman is always right.

And, if my kindly hints you flout,
Go, and your faults will find you out!

"AUTOLYCUS"

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 494

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
F. Ellis Ling, 42 Derwent Road, Palmers Green, N.13

ACROSS

1. These are not, of course, for stiff-necked men. (11)
9. Fish on the credit side. (5)
10. The last word. (9)
11. Good toy for a Communist baby. (9)
12. Describes the matchless cigarette. (5)
13. Materially impossible for a silk vanity bag. (7)
15. He was literally up the pole. (7)
16. Not Defence of the Realm Act returned. (7)
18. Sort of cuff links perhaps. (7)
21. Regan in palmy style. (5)
22. Do they take the bee's route? (9)
24. Obviously does not describe hard-headed crusty people. (9)
25. Operative symbol. (5)
26. Where a good seat is assured for even the least experienced in horsemanship. (11)

DOWN

1. What they do who cannot resist counter attractions. (5)
2. It leaves not off as it were. (7)
3. How shop assistants were offensive? (15)
4. Good references? (15)
5. Our Mary in the gun room? (7)
6. It takes a roundabout path. (9)
7. You'll find the inside of this Morris car especially luxurious. (6)
8. He once held the highest position on earth. (6)
14. Useful for stumping about. (9)
16. Make Dora chew the kernel. (6)
17. An x-acting business. (7)
19. The saucy effect of using flour. (7)
20. One's relation is a nurse. (6)
23. Is ale enough for him? (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	S	P	R	I	N	G	C	A	B	B	A	G	E	■
■	■	A	■	N	■	A	■	L	■	A	■	R	■	■
A	N	G	■	I	N	S	I	G	H	T	■	E	L	S
U	■	E	■	T	■	P	■	I	■	A	■	E	■	U
T	I	T	M	I	C	E	■	E	N	V	E	N	O	M
U	■	■	■	A	■	R	■	R	■	I	■	■	■	M
M	U	D	D	L	E	S	■	S	I	A	M	E	S	E
N	■	N	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	X	■	■	■	R
C	H	E	E	S	E	S	■	R	I	B	S	T	O	N
R	■	■	■	W	■	E	■	E	■	O	■	■	■	U
O	V	A	T	I	O	N	■	S	U	N	B	E	A	M
C	■	G	■	N	■	S	■	I	■	D	■	X	■	B
U	N	L	■	D	E	A	D	S	E	A	■	I	K	E
S	■	O	■	O	■	T	■	T	■	G	■	S	■	R
■	■	W	I	N	T	E	R	S	W	E	E	T	■	■

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

CRISIS MARKETS—DEFENDING THE POUND—COMMODITY STOCKS

THE news that von Ribbentrop was bound for Moscow in order to affix Germany's signature to a pact of amity with the U.S.S.R. has not so much dismayed the City as stunned it into the quiescence of a paralytic. Up to Tuesday the City had inclined to the belief that Hitler would be compelled to compromise, for the time being, in the matter of the Corridor and that a solution, however impermanent, would be found to tide over this autumn. On Monday, the knowledge that a trade pact was being concluded between Berlin and Moscow, that the Prime Minister was returning to London, and that Whitehall was taking a "serious view" led to some marking down of prices. War Loan dropped fractionally below 90, and the *Financial News* index of ordinary shares fell from 78.9 to 77.2; but there was little liquidation, and a total drop of 4 per cent. in the equity index since Bank Holiday could not be called a slump. Next day, when the Muscovite cat was fairly out of the bag, prices became nominal and dealings practically ceased. War Loan was quoted at first at 86–88, and it was difficult to sell even "blue chip" equities except in small lots. Gradually the shock wore off; and, by a process of wishful thinking, the importance of the Russo-German *rapprochement* was minimised. Dealings on Wednesday were easier; there was no pressure of selling from the public; and War Loan recovered to 89½, with the *F.N.* ordinary share index at 76.1. On the whole a pretty stoical performance—contrasting favourably with the behaviour of Wall Street, which rose sharply on Tuesday on the supposition that Poland would now be quietly partitioned and fell heavily on the following day when British and French acquiescence in this operation was regarded as less assured.

* * *

In the money market the crisis has been marked by the usual symptoms. First, there has been a scramble to hoard gold on Continental account. Buying orders received at the daily "fixing" have varied from £1,300,000 to £1,800,000; and, as there was little of the metal available except for amounts released by the Exchange Equalisation Account, purchasers had to be rationed until Wednesday brought de-hoarding on embargo fears. Previously the sterling price for gold had been as high as 148*s.* 8*d.* an ounce—a premium of 2½*d.* over the dollar shipping parity. Secondly, there has been an intense demand for dollars against sterling on the part of foreign holders of London balances. The spot rate has been held at 4.68⅛, with three months forward dollars quoted at a premium of 2¼ cents; but the maintenance of this relative stability has involved the Exchange Account in daily gold losses averaging probably £4 millions. Either the volume of foreign "funk money" still in London has been under-estimated, or British capital is joining to some degree in the exodus.

* * *

What of United Kingdom stocks of essential commodities? Unfortunately the situation is by no means satisfactory. Except in the case of wheat and flour, the Government appears to have made little use of the Commodities Reserve Act; stocks of many key materials are low; and, so far as rubber, copper and shellac are concerned, they have been considerably reduced during the past week by heavy German cash purchases—with delivery by August 31st significantly stipulated. The following table summarises the position of leading commodity stocks in comparison with last summer.

	June 30th, 1938	Latest Figure	Percentage of U.K. Annual Consumption
Wheat (Mn. bushels) ..	13	29	10
Sugar ('000 tons)	344	374	16
Copper ('000 tons)	36	25	10
Lead ('000 tons)	9	12	4
Spelter ('000 tons) ..	23	20	9
Cotton ('000 bales) ..	1,130	597	20
Rubber ('000 tons) ..	92	51	4.7
Tea (Mn. lbs.)	166	159	3.6

Existing stocks of tea, lead, rubber and spelter look to me dangerously low. Even if it were judged impolitic to place earlier obstacles against German entry into the London commodity markets, as has now at last been done, it is difficult to justify Mr. Burgin's failure to use his vaunted powers to buy up supplies.

TRAINING CENTRES

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.
UNIVERSITY and BEDFORD COLLEGES.
Session 1939-40.
DEPARTMENT OF DUTCH HISTORY AND INSTITUTIONS.
Reader: G. J. RENIER, Ph.D., Phil.Lit.Cand.
Courses in Dutch History and Institutions will begin in October.
DEPARTMENT OF DUTCH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.
Reader: THEODOOR WEEVERS, Lit.D.
Junior and Senior Courses in Grammar, Translation and Composition, and Courses in Modern and Mediaeval Dutch Literature will begin on Friday, October 6th, at Bedford College.
Evening Courses in Dutch will be held at University College. Junior Course on Mondays at 5 p.m. Senior Course on Mondays at 6 p.m. For full particulars of Courses and Public Lectures on Dutch subjects, application should be made to:
E. L. TANNER, Secretary,
University College, London, W.C.1
or to MISS O. E. MONKHOUSE, Secretary,
Bedford College, London, N.W.1.

COMMERCE DEGREE BUREAU
Advice and guidance freely given to all External Students preparing for London University Commerce Degree Examinations.
Study Courses and Lending Library facilities provided at low fees for students who cannot obtain direct tuition.
Five Reduced Fee Scholarships to be awarded in 1940.
Prospectus, Regulations and full details post free on application by post card to The Secretary, Commerce Degree Bureau, Senate House, University of London, W.C.1.

A DEGREE is possible for YOU. Now that Candidates for a London Degree who are 23 or over may take the shorter Special Entrance Exam. instead of Matriculation, the way to a Degree is easier. 935 Wolsey Hall students have passed the London Special Entrance Examination.—Free Guide to London Univ. Degrees and particulars of Home Study Courses from DIRECTOR OF STUDIES, Dept. VH902, WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal: MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fee £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

CITY OF LONDON COLLEGE, Ropemaker Street, London, E.C.2. (Telephone: METropolitan 2433/34.) Patron, H.M. The King. Intensive six months' training for women of good education who wish to qualify as private secretaries. Fee—thirty guineas.

LEISURE is well spent in reading for a DEGREE

● **One of to-day's problems** is that of making the best use of leisure. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree; not merely for the resultant material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation.

● **London University Degrees** are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three exams., Matriculation (or, if you are over 23, the shorter Special Entrance Exam.), Intermediate and Final; you may study for these at home and in your own time.

● **Wolsey Hall Postal Courses** for the above examinations are conducted by a staff of 56 University Graduates. These Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model Answers, correction of your work and solution of *all* difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that, in the event of failure, tuition will be continued *free*. Fees may be spread over the period of the Course.

● **Write for Free Prospectus** and Guide to Degrees, saying if your preference is for Arts, Science, Economics, Commerce, Law or Theology. Address the Director of Studies, Dept. VH24,

Wolsey Hall, Oxford

PROPRIETORS: DIPLOMA CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, LTD

TRAINING CENTRES—continued

LONDON INSTITUTE OF DESIGN. A comprehensive two-year course in Interior and Architectural Design commences on September 25th. Prospectus from A. CARDEN, A.R.I.B.A., 11 Duke Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

HEALTH

MISS J. D. WALLINGTON (and Mrs. Helen Whitticom). Health Practitioner, Osteopath, and Bonesetter, treats all conditions of ill-health by natural methods. Consultations by appointment. 1 Ashley Place, S.W.1. Tel.: Victoria 0131; and 2 Norton Way North, Letchworth. Tel.: Letchworth 885.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

DUPLICATING (Testimonials, Reports, etc.)
TYPEWRITING (Theses, Plays, etc.)
SHORTHAND—Verbatim or condensed reporting
METROPOLITAN TYPEWRITING AND REPORTING OFFICES,
75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Tel.: Holborn 6182.

DUPLICATING and TYPEWRITING, etc. Authors' MSS., Novels, Plays, Schedules, etc. All work guaranteed proof-read and checked. PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LIMITED, 7 Prince St., Hanover Sq., W.1. (Mayfair 3163-4).

INTELLIGENT TYPEWRITING: Novels, Plays, Theses, Articles copied efficiently. Guaranteed checked: German, French. Keen prices. LEE, 18 Kings Drive. Edgware 1046.

CARLTON LITERARY BUREAU, 11d Regent Street, S.W.1, types literary MSS at lowest rates compatible with first-class work. Also revision, duplicating, translation, etc.

FAULTLESS TYPEWRITING AND DUPLICATING. Specialists in confidential and technical work. Personal, prompt, dependable service. MISS GIBBS' BUREAU, LTD., 353, Strand, W.C.2.

LANGUAGES

THE LINGUISTS' CLUB
CONVERSATION AND TUITION IN ENGLISH, FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN AND RUSSIAN. DRAMATIC SOC'Y. SPORTS CLUB. CONTINENTAL SNACK-BAR LOUNGE.
84 KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2. HOLBORN 2921.

LITERARY

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 191A), Palace Gate, W.8.

YOUR SURPLUS REVIEW COPIES, AND ANY OTHER BOOKS BOUGHT FOR CASH, LOEB CLASSICS WANTED. L. SIMMONDS, 184 FLEET STREET. E.C.4. (Holborn 5440.)

CHARITY

FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND. Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Hundreds of the poorest working girls and women hoping for a week or more at the sea during the next few weeks. Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Slater, or Miss Canney, M.B.E., 36 Red Lion Street, Bedford Row, W.C.1.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates and all information on page 321

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted subject to the management's approval and right to amend or to refuse to insert any advertisement whether paid for or not.

LECTURE

HAMPSTEAD Communist Party. J. R. CAMPBELL on Communist Policy for Defence of the People. Lyndale School, 67 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. 8 p.m., Wednesday, August 30th. Visitors welcome.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

EXPERT advice given on the choice of Progressive Boarding Schools. CICELY C. WRIGHT, LTD., 50 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

BADMINTON SCHOOL, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. (A Public School for Girls. Founded 1858.)
The School, which is run on modern lines, has a high standard of education and gives every opportunity for the development of personality and individual gifts.
President of the Board of Governors: GILBERT MURRAY, Esq., D.C.L., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A., Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.
Head Mistress: MISS B. M. BAKER, B.A.

HALSTEAD PLACE, near SEVENOAKS, Preparatory School, Boys and Girls, 7–14. Recognised by Board of Education.

COMMENCING the Michaelmas Term. SMALL NURSERY SCHOOL for children 2–5 years. Day and boarding. Sand, clay and painting activities. Open-air life. Food reform diet. Prospectus from PRINCIPAL, Tilford Cottage, Rushmoor, Surrey.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough, Sussex. Pre-prep. school and all-year-round home. Sound early education and careful training. Boys, 3–10. Girls, 3–12. Trained staff. Exceptional health record. Beautiful surroundings. Apply, SECRETARY. Crowborough 299.

HOMER SCHOOL, IPSDEN, OXON. 10 Boarders, 10 Day children. Boys and girls, 5-12 years. All subjects. Qualified staff. Country life. Riding.

PINEWOOD, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX. Home school for boys and girls, 3–12 years, where environment, diet, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

QUEEN ELIZABETH SCHOOL, Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmorland. Recognised, fully equipped, boys and girls, 10–19. £14,000 additions now complete. Boarding and tuition fee £22 10s. per term.

ST. GEORGE'S CHILDREN'S HOUSE, HARPENDEN. Co-educational Home-School, 2 to 9. Healthy surroundings, 25 miles north of London. Three vacancies for Boarders. Autumn Term: September 21st. Particulars: MISS D. I. MATHEWS, Principal.

INVAL ST. HILARY'S, HASLEMERE. Progressive girls' school, 8–18. Fees £95 p.a. Limited number day girls.

BRANKSOME HILDERS, HASLEMERE, SURREY. Boys' Preparatory School. Health, happiness and efficiency in perfect surroundings and safety. Prospectus C.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, 16 Wedderburn Road, N.W.3 (near Hampstead Heath), a modern co-educational school. Languages taught by new methods throughout the school by qualified native teachers. Special arrangements for children as day-boarders until 6 p.m., or as weekly or termly boarders. Apply PRINCIPALS: HAMpstead 0648.

FORTIS GREEN SCHOOL, N.2. Co-educational. Day, Boarding 2–12 years; socialist principles, co-operative society of parents and teachers. TUDor 2849.

HAMPDEN SCHOOL, 14 HOLLAND PARK, W.11. A co-educational, non-profitmaking day school where children 5 and over acquire French and German naturally and without effort from qualified native teachers. The School's growth and development now makes possible the admission of children from 2–11 and their continued education to 18. Apply: LESLIE BREWER, Headmaster. PARK 4775.

RUDOLF STEINER SCHOOL. Co-educational boarding and day. From three. King's Langley Priory, Herts.

DR. WILLIAMS' SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.
The Rev. Daniel Williams, D.D., endowment 1711.
Recognised by the Board of Education.
Headmistress: Miss E. C. Nightingale, M.A.
Special Courses in Music, Art, Domestic Science and Secretarial Work.
Three Leaving Scholarships tenable at any University.
Moderate inclusive fee for Boarding, Tuition and Books
TREMHYFRYD JUNIOR SCHOOL
from 5 years.
Arrangements for entire charge during holidays if desired

BELTANE SCHOOL, Wimbledon (WIM. 1589). Day and Boarding, boys and girls, 5–18 years.

CHILDREN'S FARM, Romansleigh, N. Devon. A home and school for children under 14. MRS. VOLKMER, B.A.

EGYPT : SUDAN
INDIA : CEYLON

TRAVEL in comfort on Steamers specially designed and equipped to meet Eastern conditions. You can have all the amenities of luxurious travel at extremely moderate rates by booking your passage by Ellerman's City & Hall Lines.

MINIMUM PASSAGE RATES.

PORT SAID	£24
BOMBAY } KARACHI }	£40
COLOMBO	£41
CALCUTTA	£45

ELLERMAN'S
CITY & HALL LINES

104-6 LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.3
Tel.: AVE. 2424.

Tower Building, Liverpool. *Tel.: Cent. 8444*
75 Bothwell Street, Glasgow. *Tel.: Cent. 9971*

SCHOOLS—continued

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL for Girls and Boys.—Apply MRS. E. M. SPENCER, 11 Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7. Ken. 5640.

KESWICK SCHOOL. ENGLISH LAKES.
Co-educational, Boys and Girls, 6–19, stressing Art, Music, Handicraft and Physical Culture. New Children's House overlooking Derwentwater. Fees: £82.

KING ALFRED SCHOOL, North End Road, N.W.11. Founded 1898. Co-educational Day School. In 6 acres of old grounds on borders of Hampstead Heath. Free discipline. Encouragement of individual initiative in intellectual and manual activities. Prospectus from SECRETARY. Speedwell 2999.

PINEHURST HOME SCHOOL, GOUDHURST, Kent. Co-education 3 to 12 years. Food reform diet. Sunbathing, Riding. MISS M. B. REID, Goudhurst 116.

CUDHAM HALL SCHOOL, Nr. Sevenoaks. All-round progressive education for boys and girls 2–12 years in delightful country surroundings. Principal: MISS M. K. WILSON.

NEWTOWN SCHOOL, WATERFORD, IRELAND. 20 acres fields, farm and garden. Society of Friends management. Co-educational. Prospectus from HEADMASTER.

CROHAM HURST SCHOOL, SOUTH CROYDON. Day and Boarding School for girls, 5–18. Modern education in atmosphere conducive to self-expression, training of mind and character. Pupils prepared for public examinations, and for professional training. Special facilities for overseas pupils. Open sunny position. Country house available. Excellent health record.

SOUTHLANDS SCHOOL, BROADSTONE, Dorset. Junior Co-ed. Outdoor classes. Special attention Arts, Handicrafts, MUSIC. String Orchestra. Ideal for artistic, musical juniors. Headmaster: G. C. BARNARD, M.Sc.

THE FROEBEL PREPARATORY AND NURSERY SCHOOL, Colet Gardens, W.14. Sound modern education for boys and girls from 2-14 years old.

BELTANE SCHOOL (country branch), Melksham, Wilts. Usual academic standards with country pursuits. Fees specially moderate. Headmaster: G. BROOK, B.A.

ST. CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH (recognised by the Board of Education). A thorough education for boys and girls to 19 years, at moderate fees, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom and progress. Headmaster: H. LYN HARRIS, M.A., LL.B. (Camb.).

NEW HERRLINGEN SCHOOL (recognised by the Board of Education) welcomes English children to grow up with German children in a home-like atmosphere. Principal: ANNA ESSINGER, M.A., Otterden, Kent. Tel.: Eastling 206.

SCHOOLS—continued

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS. *Head Mistress:* MISS CHAMBERS, M.A. (CANTAB.). Aim—to develop character, intellect, healthy growth of child for good of community; encourage self-expression; increase resource and initiative by practical work. Girls prepared for Universities, Medical Profession and advanced work, Music, Art. Fees include Elocution, Dancing, Cookery. 15 acres grounds.

L'AVENIR, Villars-sur-Ollen, Switzerland (4,000 ft.). Twenty boys and girls (4 to 18).

RELIABLE advice given free of charge concerning education in Switzerland. Escort organised next September for school girls London Switzerland. MADEMOISELLE BERTHOUD, Educational Agency Pedagogia, Neuchâtel, Switzerland.

FIFTIETH ANNUAL ISSUE
PUBLIC AND PREPARATORY SCHOOLS YEAR BOOK.
Official details of Public and Preparatory Schools, Careers, Professions, etc.
10s. 6d. from all Booksellers or Deane's,
31 Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF HACKNEY.
PUBLIC LIBRARIES.
APPOINTMENT OF MALE ASSISTANT IN CHARGE (REFERENCE DEPARTMENT).

The Borough Council invite applications for the above-named appointment at a salary in accordance with Grade A (1) of the Council's scale, viz., £255, rising by annual increments of £15 to a maximum of £300 per annum.
Candidates must have had practical experience in a public library and must be either Fellows or Associates of the Library Association.
The appointment will be subject to one month's notice on either side and to the provisions of the Council's Superannuation Acts. The selected candidate will be required to pass a medical examination.
Conditions of appointment, together with a form of application, can be obtained from the undersigned upon receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope.
Applications endorsed "Assistant in Charge (Reference Department)" must reach the undersigned not later than 9 a.m. on September 5th, 1939.
Canvassing, either directly or indirectly, is prohibited, and will be deemed a disqualification.
Town Hall, R. H. R. TEE,
Hackney, E.8. Town Clerk.
August, 1939.

SUNDERLAND EDUCATION COMMITTEE.
THE TECHNICAL COLLEGE.
Principal: F. H. REID, B.Sc., Wh.Ex., M.I.Mech.E.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of LIBRARIAN (Female) of the "Sir John Priestman" Library at the Technical College. Salary £140 per annum advancing by £10 per annum to £170 per annum. The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act of 1937.
Candidates must have had experience in a Public Library and should possess qualifications of the Library Association or of the School of Librarianship.
Applications, in candidates' own handwriting, stating age, qualifications and experience, and accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, must be delivered to the undersigned not later than Saturday, September 9th, 1939.
Canvassing, directly or indirectly, will be deemed a disqualification.
Education Offices, W. THOMPSON,
15 John Street, Director of Education.
Sunderland, Co. Durham.

VACANCY for Personal Secretary (Woman). Qualifications necessary: good shorthand and typing, secretarial experience, law degree or practical experience of legal or similar work. State age, full qualifications and salary desired, to Box 5923.

SERIOUS English Teaching wanted, with Oxford Spelling Books. London or environs. EUG. PRIOR, Corraterie, Geneva, Switzerland.

MATRON required in September for Progressive Home School in Kent. Children 2–12 years. Age preferred, 25–35. Previous training and experience preferably in similar type of school essential. Box 5939.

HOUSEKEEPER-secretary, over thirty, wanted by bachelor in the country. Four maids kept. Must be domesticated, fond of the country and a shorthand-typist. Write fully stating age, salary, experience and interests to Box 5927.

M.A. (Cantab.), aged 25, scientific training, competent musician, seeks whole or part time employment in Midlands. Box No. C266, 19–21 Corporation Street, Birmingham.

YOUNG, eager, well-educated girl (18) seeks business post. Excellent testimonials. (London). Box 5941.

YOUNG lady, fully trained domestic science, fond children and animals, seeks position near London. Box 5937.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates and all information on page 321